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"THE SONG"

FROM THE NOVEL BY HENRY WILSON

THE LEISURE HOUR.

THE DREAMS OF DANIA.

BY FREDERICK LANGERIDGE, AUTHOR OF "SENT BACK BY THE ANGELS," "MISS HONORIA," ETC.



THE SEXTON WAS A DEAF AND DUMB MAN, AND THE ORGAN-BLOWER A BLIND BOY.

CHAPTER I.—IN CHURCH AND AT THE RECTORY.

ON a certain evening of August, not very long ago, the small congregation of Kildargle left the church with unusual quietness. The old people stepped down the aisle as nurses step beside

a sick bed. Even the children forbore to hurry and to raise their voices in the porch. More than one woman remained on her knees long after the voluntary had begun; and the organist, whose ordinary touch was somewhat mechanical, played very sweetly and tenderly. It was not without

significance that he put aside "The March of the Israelites," which had been his original choice, and played instead that strain of hushing peace upon whose every note floats a white dove, "O rest in the Lord."

In the vestry a singular thing occurred. The sexton was a deaf and dumb man; found suitable for that employment, no doubt, because he was found unsuitable for any other. The organ blower, selected on the same principle, was a blind boy, of feeble mind.

When the Rector rose from his chair, after making the usual entries in the preacher's book, those two officials came forward together.

The deaf man, withdrawing his protecting arm from under the arm of his colleague, began to speak rapidly in the manual language of the deaf and dumb. In and out scurried his fingers, and the Rector, nodding as each word was completed, received at length this sentence:

"I wishes to thank you for the beautiful discourse we're just afther heering. The brightness of the Lord fell on the faces of them that heered."

"Yes, then," said the blind boy, adding his testimony, "myself seen 'em weeping and lamenting. I wouldn't exactly understand it, for my intellects, glory be to God, is wake; but I felt it craping down the back of me, and it done me good—your Reverence, it done me good. For when a man does be dark with the eyes, and cloudy in the brain, the Lord shines into him through chinks and alleys and bohreens; and whether it would be the pores or the spine I wouldn't know at all, but it penetrated, the sermon did, and it done me good."

He held out to the Rector his bunched and claw-like fingers, and at the same moment the deaf and dumb man extended his red fist. The clergyman grasped both, and for a little while the three stood looking into one another's faces with hands moving up and down, and with shining eyes.

"The Lord speed your Reverence up," the blind boy said at length; "faith, to a man like yourself, getting to heaven is just diversion."

The dumb man's fingers began to move again. "Who was the party," the clergyman read snap by snap, "the praiera of the congregation was axed for?"

"Oh, Peter—" the Rector began to say aloud; then he broke off and answered in the manual language: "The person might not like to have his name known. No harm, though," he added in an aside to the blind boy, "no harm, in saying this, anyhow. It was a poor soul that was troubled in mind. Give him your best prayers to-night, Peter."

The deaf mute nodded vigorously. "And you too, Johnny," the clergyman said to the blind boy. "It may be only a fancy of mine, but I can't help feeling that a blind man's prayers go very straight to God."

"And you wouldn't think, your Reverence," Johnny inquired, "my prayers being a bit rambling would make any differ?"

"No, Johnny. I think God leads them."

"Then I'll do my best endeavours," Johnny

said. "I'm thankful for the chance of helping a small trifle, for, as your Reverence might remark, I hadn't no halfpenny to give to-day. Whoever it is, he shall have my poor attempts."

"He needs them, Johnny," the Rector answered, "he needs them badly enough."

"I'll wrestle," said Johnny, "and indeed, your Reverence, when I gets a clutch, 'tis wonderful the way I holds on."

"The Lord bless you, Johnny," said the Rector, laying his hand upon the boy's head, "the Lord make His face to shine upon you."

"And give you peace," responded Johnny, who knew his prayer-book well; and the two separated.

The great shepherd of the sky had gathered in the west his white lustrous flock, and the rooks were going homeward on and on through the hearkening day—on and on it seemed to the haven where lost hopes ride safe at anchor, and sea-worn efforts may drop their tattered sails; to the quiet land where heartsease grows in every cottage garden, and no one weeps who gathers rosemary.

The Rector followed their flight with his gentle blue eyes, and sighed. He laid his hand upon the head of a little boy, who stood pulling at his cap, and asked him why he was not at church. "'Deed then, your Reverence," said the child's mother, who was standing in one of the recesses of the stone bridge, "not to tell your Reverence a lie, the little boots was broke on him. I was waiting on your Reverence, regarding that same."

"Ah," said the Rector, smiling, "what is good for a bootless bairn? He shall have a pair against next Sunday, Mrs. Switzer. I ought to have thought about it before, but I was like that poor woman at Bethany, careful and troubled about many things. I was worried, God forgive me—and I forgot."

He nodded kindly to the curtsying, voluble woman, and passed on. At the end of the bridge, however, he stood for a moment gazing on the reedy river, whose willows were whitening and its shallow waters ruffling and darkening with a fresh wind. He hearkened to the homely talk of the wood-quests. He heard a little black water-hen cry "freet, freet," and saw it dive and disappear.

"Ah," he said to himself, "a man might wash his heart in the very waters of peace here. One would think that. But I cannot find peace to-night." And as the Rector moved away he repeated to himself that hymn of Bonar's, "Calm me, my God, and keep me calm."

At the gate of the pretty modern rectory, sweet with briar and lime, and draped with clematis, he was met by two young people—a girl of twenty-two or twenty-three and a man who might be thirty.

"Hurry up, you dear old slowcoach," said the girl. "Tea has been waiting ever so long. There are mushrooms and a cake—a most delicate cake."

"I hope you are not tired, sir," said the young man, looking into the Rector's face rather anxiously.

"No, no," said the girl, "pappy is never tired except when he has one of his chests. Don't put fancies into his head, Gerard, or he'll be wanting

breakfast in bed to-morrow. Pappy is in very good case, and gave us a lovely sermon."

The Rector laid his hand on his daughter's arm ; tenderly : a little wistfully, even, it seemed to Gerard ; and then walked up to the house, followed by the two young folk.

"Dania," said Gerard, drawing the girl back for a moment, "are you sure he is all right?"

"Am I sure? yes, of course. What should be the matter with him?"

"Well, I don't know. Perhaps it is only fancy, but—"

"But me no *buts*. It is only fancy. Do you suppose I can't read every line of his dear old face like print?"

"But the sermon? Did nothing in it strike you?"

"Yes, a great deal struck me. It was one of the finest sermons I ever listened to. Pappy is thrown away here. The barbarous folk show us no little kindness, but they cannot appreciate work like pappy's."

"They appreciated him to-night, anyhow. Why half the folk were crying. I felt the emotion like electricity. Dania, in that sermon more was meant than meets the ear. It struck me as a kind of personal cry. I felt the pain of it—the dread of it—the faith trying to cling and not be afraid—the—well, you know what I mean. Did you feel nothing of this?"

"No," said Dania, "I certainly did not. And if you get such notions into your head, I wish you would keep them to yourself. It's nerves," she added, with a little frown and a decisive nod ; "you have been smoking too much."

"With all my soul I hope I have. Don't be cross, Dania."

"I'm not cross. Only I wish you hadn't such a genius for making people uncomfortable. There's the bell."

Gerard said nothing. Indeed, he had no chance of a reply, for Dania dashed forward, and left him to come up at his leisure.

It was a pretty table, with its Sèvres bowl of red and white roses, its trails of clematis, its two silver dish-covers, its glow of jam and marmalade ; its honey in the comb ; and its beautiful presiding figure.

At Dania's right hand, close enough to the teacosity to absorb a little of the geniality of the brown-ware pot—batting her eyes luxuriously, and filling the air for a yard or two around with a sound of neighbouring bees, and distant bagpipes, and a sense of a conversazione where mild electricity is dispensed—at the top right-hand angle of the table, I say, with folded tail, blessed and blessing, sat Madam, Dania's motherly black and white puss.

At the opposite diagonal, close to the Rector's arm, with a charming terra-cotta nose, and a chin like a throstle's breast, fawn, tenderly speckled, with eyes coloured like the world one sees from under twenty feet of sea-water, till they shut up in mere luxury and *bien-être* ; and with head lifted now and again to gather in delicate sniffs light anticipatory refections, with a purr that rose and fell rhythmically like a hurdy-gurdy and a knife-grinder playing together, and a tail whose ambula-

tions just avoided the honey—at the opposite diagonal, sat Chutney, the Rector's own tabby.

These two cats were a necessary part of the tea-service, and if either of them had sat one inch off the exact angle, Bridget, who had a very correct eye, would have straightened her at once. She objected to their presence, as unchristian, but if folks were foolish enough to have them on the table, she would see that they were set right.

During tea Dania made a great deal of her father, cutting off all the crusts of his toast, and remembering exactly the number of his lumps—which had recently been changed—and the proportion of his cream. Gerard she treated with some severity ; gradually relaxing, however, as she met his supplicating gaze.

"You haven't given Madam a bit of anything, greedy thing!" she said at length, "and she never asked, the self-sacrificing pet." Gerard, glad at heart to be so chidden, held on his palm a tiny crust of toast, while Madam minced and tickled his hand furrily, and made multitudinous crumbs, wavered between conflicting fragments, and lost the selected piece, and gave up hope altogether, and turned her head upside down, and backed into various dishes, and fell off the table, and clung, swaying, to the cloth, and, generally, made as much fuss as though she had been carrying out some great engineering *chef-d'œuvre*.

"Oh, Mad," said Dania, "I must get you a serviette."

"And I'll get her a new collar," said Gerard, "may I? and so we'll start her in housekeeping between us."

"Yes, if you'll choose discreetly ; blue is her colour, Oxford blue—pink makes a mere white mouse of her."

So, while those two buried the hatchet over Madam's bit of toast, and the Rector surveyed the two benevolently, Chutney—blinking abstractedly straight before her, and seemingly on the point to fall a-nodding—with one adroit hook of her paw drew off the Rector's wing of chicken, and retired.

"Where's my—surely—I really thought," said he a moment later, looking short-sightedly round—"has anybody seen—?"

"It was a wing," said Dania, "and it has flown."

From underneath the table arose soft sibilations and delicate crunchings.

"Oh, Chut," said the Rector, "that was very bad. I trusted you—and it was a liver-wing. Honesty, my cat, honesty is the best policy."

"Clearly," said Gerard, as a moment later Chutney appeared upon the Rector's shoulder, prosperity shining upon her sleek stripes, and self-respect singing to itself in her redoubled purr, "that cat has a useful career before her as an awful warning."

Dania smiled and restored Gerard to all his privileges and emoluments. Probably there was an accidental meeting of hands somewhere below the horizon, for there was a sort of knock against the table, and the Rector cried, "Come in."

The excellent meal being concluded, Dania—though she had so recently refused him permission to be in the least fatigued—insisted on putting her father on the sofa, and on covering him up with

almost arctic wrappings. He felt a little oppressed, I fear—and indeed would have liked to sit up and read one of Bacon's essays—but Dania's imperiousness was so pretty and kind that he was really glad to accept coddling for comfort.

"There," said Dania, having adjusted the last pinioning swathe, "there you are, you dear old Sybarite, and if that isn't comfy I don't know what comfy is."

"Perhaps," said the Rector, "it's a shade too luxurious. I feel like a royal mummy. Don't forget me in case of a fire."

"Why, pappy," she said, "you are coruscating with epigram."

She smiled at him—a smile as melting as a ripe Bon Chrétien pear—and then stooped down, touching him here and there with light, caressing lips. The Rector would have pulled her face upon his own, but his bonds prevented that. He looked at her with eyes in which the affection turned to wishfulness.

"Dear girl," he said with a little sigh; "kind girl! Lead out the young man that he may smoke the Latakia that his soul loveth; and if you snub him, snub him tenderly. 'Tis a good youth and a kind, and in the fatness of his folly there are slender streaks of sense. Take him away that he may poison the air and himself, and show him the new—"

"Hush!" cried Dania, cutting the suggestion short. "Come along, Gerard;" and giving her father a parting pat, she tripped out of the house and down the rustic steps that led to the river.

Meanwhile the Rector lay quite still, with his eyes fixed upon the wall above him. His face looked worn and thin when the momentary sparkle had left it, and now and again a look came over it very piteous to see—a sidelong, furtive look as of one lonely and afraid, and dogged by something dim and inevitable. But after a while he closed his eyes, and laid his crossed hands over his breast. Gradually, as he lay thus motionless, with the shadows creeping over him, the sharpness of the outlines of the face seemed smoothed away; one might almost say that snow had fallen upon it, soft and hushing and full of peace. Two tears had rolled down his cheeks and now stood still. Perhaps he had been praying.

Gerard followed Dania down the rose-tree avenue to the river. A cot, as the flat-bottomed boat of the district is called, lay with her nose nuzzled into reeds and rank grass, chained to a post driven into the mud. This was a favourite haunt of Dania's—a place to dream, or think, or work in. She took her seat on one of the thwarts, and Gerard sat down facing her.

"You see," she said, with a small decisive nod.

"See what?" he asked between puffs, and with anxious hands hollowed over his last match but one.

She waited till the trembling conflagration had had a happy issue, and his eyes were at her command. Then she replied:

"How utterly mistaken you were. I never saw my father in better fettle."

"Well," he said, with rather a doubtful assent,

"of course you know best." Then he quickly turned the subject. "What was it, Dania, he wanted you to show me?"

"Never mind," she answered. "I'm not going to show it to you."

"My dear," he said, "I throw the suggestion out in all diffidence, but aren't you a little bit—shall we say—firm with me to-night?"

"Not a bit more than you deserve. When you like—praise where praise is due—you can be very nasty."

"But——"

"Oh, please don't begin with a 'but,' and pray don't put on that condescending, blandly reasonable smile. If you knew how—shall we say priggish?—it makes you look, I'm sure you wouldn't."

"Well," he said, with a half-shrug, "there are at least times when speech is silver—or silver plate—and silence golden. Perhaps silence is golden just now. I think I'll think."

"Yes," she said, "I abhor wrangling—pray let us think."

For a few moments she sat silent, letting her hand hang into the water. Then she burst out with shining eyes and a trembling mouth. "Oh, it is provoking of you to choose this night of all others to be disgusting—with a sunset like that"—she waved her hand to the left where all the west was plumed with windy flame.

"I like *my* view best," he said, looking lovingly into her beautiful, petulant face.

"And everything so exquisite," she went on, not noticing his remark, but mollified by it a little; "and—oh, Gerard, I've been looking forward to this hour all the week——"

"My darling," he said, and his eyes rested on the thwart where she sat.

"No," she said, divining his purpose, "keep where you are, please. You don't deserve it, and, besides, I want to read it to you."

"Oh," he said, "then it is literature. Another sonnet?"

"No," she answered. "I've done with sonnets—till the next, anyhow. It's a story, Gerard—a sort of allegory—and I wonder—oh, I do wonder. Gerard, I think it's the best—no, I won't say a word about it. You must give me your candid opinion."

"Candid?" he said. "With or without an *e*?"

"Without, of course. You know how I hate and despise a glozing tongue. I have at least earned the right to serious and honest criticism."

She put her hand into her pocket, and brought forth some sheets of manuscript, pinned together with an elegant brass clip. "Now mind," she said, smoothing out the folds, "the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth."

"Well," he said, a little doubtfully. "If you have a mind to hear my mind, I don't mind. Only I remember Gil Blas and the Archbishop of Granada."

"But," she said, smiling delightfully, "I'm not an archbishop nor ever likely to be. Now listen, I call it 'Rounded with a Sleep.'"

Gerard settled himself back, with a muttered "Ah! that sounds good," and Dania began to read.

Her voice was charming—fresh as the plash of



HOW CAN HE TALK SO, WITH A SUNSET LIKE THAT?

water—and she read well. Once or twice at the outset she glanced up into the face of her auditor, and threw him, in an aside, a word of explanation. But before long she was unable to bear his eyes. Her voice grew tremulous, and once at least a tear had to be winked away. As the finale was neared, Gerard could feel the effort that it cost her to keep the sobs back. With all that she could do, a gulping vacuum came before the last words were uttered, and they were dropped low and broken in a little rainy quiver.

For two or three seconds Dania sat quite still, waiting for her brimming eyes to clear. Then she looked up a little shyly, yet with an appeal in them—almost a demand—for admiring sympathy.

Gerard did not meet her glance foursquare. Dania thought that his manhood hardly liked to reveal how much he had been moved. She let her gaze slide off for a second while he mastered himself, then she looked at him again, with all her sensitive triumph swimming and flashing unchecked in its crystal deeps.

He had to meet her challenge. Slowly his eyes came up and looked into Dania's.

If there was an appeal for praise in hers, there was in his something very like an appeal for pity.

She, however, could not or would not interpret his look.

"Well?" she inquired after a brief silence, a little impatiently but without mistrust.

Still Gerard held his peace. He was a brave man and a truthful, yet at that moment he was sunken deep in cowardice, and on the quaking verge of a lie.

"Well?" she said again, pettishly. "Don't sit and stare. Is it good?"

In the last words there was the faintest indication of surprise and of dawning fear. It went to Gerard's heart. Perhaps he would have given his quarter's income to be able to answer the question with a hearty "Good! I should think it *was*!"

The eyes were still questioning—the eyes that he loved best in the world. He knew too well her own appraisal of her work. Did he not understand every intonation of her voice, every movement of her sensitive lips and nostrils, every little dimple and gleam and break in all her April face?

She had been melted by her own pathos, torn by her own tragedy. The fortunate turns that she loved had been kept lingering on her lips, hardly suffered to go without a kiss. There were epithets that seemed to her as happy as the first primrose: sentences that were as sure as a star, and as fine as a cameo. There were wayward felicities that were as quaint and as curious as some old Moorish blade. The whole allegory was to her something inevitable; that which had to be done, and was done, and never might be done again—a thing finished and fixed as yesterday.

Perhaps no bit of work ever left the hands of Keats whereof he could say with as unquestioning a joy of artistry, "That is good."

The old sculptors inscribed upon the pedestal of their statues "*Faciebam*"—the imperfect tense: "I was doing this; I was about this work:" never "*Feci*," the perfect tense: "This I have wrought." Dania's heart had written across her little story an unhesitating *feci*.

And Gerard—well Gerard knew the flavour of a phrase and loved the touch of the sure hand. He knew, moreover, what was sincere and what was sham. He knew the difference between literature and twaddle—and this was twaddle; weak at once and strained; formless, hysterical, false.

What was he to do?

He tried to gain a little time.

"I should not like to form an opinion," he said, "without a second hearing. You see, an allegory is not quite like a plain story. May I take it home with me?"

He said this, but his manner was embarrassed and glum. Dania's cheeks flushed.

"You promised me," she said, "to tell me the truth. I'm sure you have formed an opinion. As for its being an allegory, the under-meaning could not possibly escape a child."

"Well, yes," he admitted, "I think that is obvious enough."

"Then, you see, you are not dealing truthfully with me. I do think, Gerard, I have brains enough to be taken seriously."

"Well, then," Gerard said, "I think there are some faults in it."

"Yes," she said, "I suppose there are—though—well, I daresay there are. But as a whole—? There is stuff in it, isn't there? The conception—that is good?"

Gerard really could not meet her eyes.

He fumbled at his pipe as he said—

"I don't know . . . I think it's rather—well Dania, you've asked me to speak up, and I will." Unconsciously he straightened his figure, and leaned towards her. "My dear child, you're on the wrong tack. You have not got anything of yourself into that. It's second-hand, and—oh, my sweet, it hurts to say it—it's cheap and false."

There was silence, Dania looking at him with a drawn face.

"Yes," she said in a hard voice, "second-hand and cheap, and, what was it?—false? Yes. Anything else?"

"No," he said, "I think that's enough for one night."

"So do I," she said, rising flushed and imperial, but with tears only just out of sight; "let me pass, please."

He caught at her hand as she stepped by, but she pulled it away; at her dress, but she snatched it out of his clutch.

"Oh, I'm so sorry," he said, jumping out after her. "I've torn the frock."

"Yes," she said, "but *that* can be mended; don't follow me, please," and she swept up to the house.

Gerard lit his pipe.

"Poor child," he said, "I know I hurt her. I'm a clumsy wretch. But, oh! how easy it is to do wrong to those who do write!"

CHAPTER II.—THE FATE OF A MANUSCRIPT.

ABOUT half-past eleven one morning, towards the end of August, Standish Verschoyle lounged into the printing office of "The Tourney." Passing through the outer entrenchments, he

nodded here and there to a clerk behind the counter, and waved his hand to the kindly face of the managing partner looming through an inner glass partition. Finally he reached a table that stood, lonely as a cloud, within a narrow strip boarded off from a room of great extent. Its walls were whitewashed—or had been once. Its floor was undulating. There was a cane chair, not very hazardous, except in the middle. Verschoyle sat down. All around plunged and panted the presses. Doors were ever on the swing, and there were momentary glimpses of huge rollers, and straining girders, bare arms and flying sheets, and iron corkscrew stairs that burrowed up and up, interminably up. Strong was the reek of the modern midnight oil. There was vibration that never ceased to hum and sting, and hurry growing on the ear that listened like the sound of a river. Now and again a smutty face looked into the office and vanished. Now and again a man went staggering through under a load of sheets still wet and loud of smell. Once or twice there was a fizz of laughter, and a squeak quickly muffled, as a boy returning with a corrected proof met and saluted his outgoing brother.

Standish Verschoyle, having sat down, tilted his hat and yawned. That hat was a happy combination of the æsthetic and the brigandish, grey and of a ferocious curve, decked withal with a tiny dark-green feather. There had been two portraits of Verschoyle in local papers, and one of the accompanying literary sketches had spoken of "the celebrated hat," as being as necessary to the editor of "The Tournay" as his ankle wings to Mercury or the umbrella to Mrs. Gamp or the once famous Doctor Kenealy. Besides, though he was only twenty-eight, there was an arid spot on his crown, neighbouring the waving uplands of his hair. Standish never, or at least hardly ever, save under compulsion removed his hat.

"The Tournay" had been established a year before by a small cluster of young Trinity, Dublin, men. It was meant to be the organ of the culture of Ireland, and in an especial degree the organ of the new Celtic renaissance. It was open, as its title implied, to every opinion. If it had politics of its own their bias had never been clearly apparent. In its lists many a good knight had set his lance in rest against an opponent just a month ahead, and, on the whole, the tourneying had been gallant and knightly, and never had the combat been *à outrance*. In those pages, men who would elsewhere have broken over one another's heads the cudgels of Donnybrook and shed the vials of Billingsgate, began the play with a bow and closed it with a pretty compliment. And the review had been clever enough—clever and enthusiastic. Now and then a little young, now and then a little heavy, but on the whole fresh and candid and gracious; an infant that one would have liked to see growing stoutly up. To "The Tournay," Edgar Blake had sent his earliest, or at least his early poems. He was very young then—new strayed from fairyland, dazzled by the clatter of the cars, and strange among ungente faces. But the reeds were whispering even then in his rhymes, and moonlight was finding there a voice. In "The

Tournay," too, Norah Dunphie was shedding her borrowed plumes, splendid with rainbowed eyes, and was learning the notes that come always as fresh and welcome as the greening mist of the hedgerows and the kind blue of April, "Cuckoo, Cuckoo." There, too, Jane Gray had tried her first artless steps in the difficult measures of planxty and jig, and had shown—though in unpliant verse—promise of that touch upon the springs of homely tears which make her pages to-day such misty reading. Yes, even then she was fumbling with the key, lost so wearily long, that was to unlock at last the Irish peasant's heart. There, moreover, had Professor Bourke—but I must not go on like this! Enough, and a trifle more, of theres and bygones and small talk of criticism.

Clever as it was, "The Tournay" had never caught on. In fact that is a very difficult thing to do, when there is nothing whereon to catch, and in Ireland, no matter how fine a review may be, few, very few witness its evolutions. Month by month had the circulation of "The Tournay" waxed languider, and the hollow ribs of its advertisement pages shown ghastlier, until at length it was at the point to die.

"Never mind," said Robinson, its gallant editor, "we've held on longer than any of our recent predecessors. Eleven numbers is a case of extraordinary longevity. 'Donnybrook' died aged one, 'The Pelican' was only two; in fact to come out at all is a good old age with an Irish magazine.

" 'We have fought such a fight
For a day and a night,
As may never be fought again:
—We have won great glory, my men.'"

Therefore let this last sheet be our winding-sheet, and let us lie down thankful for what we have done. It's a pity Macready's romance dies alive from the middle downward, but it can't be helped. Sink me the ship, master gunner; sink her, split her in twain."

That calamity was, however, averted. Standish Verschoyle intervened, and bought the paper. He was one of the mob of gentlemen who write with ease and get printed with difficulty. He longed for an organ that would go on grinding his tunes: for columns that would manœuvre for ever at his command. A relative had left him five hundred pounds; he was twenty-eight, with a degree and without a profession. His drawers contained great store of what—for Standish was an imitative genius—he justly described as "copy." He bought "The Tournay" with its list of subscribers, and hoped to forget that the English language contained those words "Declined with thanks."

Standish Verschoyle had now been working the paper for nearly two years. He had had his fling, and the arrears of his muse were gradually being worked off by the printers. Their arrears, however, were in worse case. The review was a failure, in slang already a dead failure, and doomed very soon to be so in hard fact. Standish's five hundred pounds were as lost as the tales of Miletus. He was beginning to wonder if those two portraits, curly hat and all, adequately represented that amount of capital.

Well, that morning Standish corrected a couple of proofs and passed a revise for the press, and when he had achieved so much a boy brought him in his post. The first letter was a circular. The second was manuscript.

Standish opened it and began to read listlessly. While he was lounging through the pages—very beautiful-script it was; twenty pages or so fastened together by an elegant brass pin—there walked into the office Mr. Daly, the managing partner of the printing firm. That gentleman had just got a moment for a sandwich, and proposed to help it down with a little gossip.

He took a seat on the edge of Standish's table—a grey spectacled man, bristly and racy—and asked him what he had got there. He liked Standish, and wished him well; though he guessed that "The Tournay" would cost his firm money before the end.

"Prose?" he asked again.

"Well, it couldn't be *worse*," Standish said.

"Ah," said the printer, "that's Douglas Jerrold's, you thief."

"It's out of copyright," Standish answered. "Just hear this. 'The night spread like wan water; the veils of the mist—'"

"Ah," Daly broke in, "those veils never would be missed. I don't know where the poets would be at all without that word 'wan'."

"That 'wan' word," said Verschoyle.

"Ay, that 'wan' word. Water's wan, and night's wan, and morning's wan. Faith, I believe my nose is wan—in poetry."

"I wouldn't wonder," said Standish. "This girl will earn more by her handwriting than she ever will by her head-writing."

"Ah, it's a girl, is it?" said Mr. Daly. "I'm always sorry for a girl. And upon my word that isn't too bad at all. 'The veils of'—what was it? I rather like those veils."

"Of all the humbugs—why, man, you'll choke yourself, eating your words like that. She has not sent stamps for return, so here—"

Standish straightened out the roll and was just about to tear the beautiful manuscript clean across when Daly caught his arm.

"Whist," he said, "what name is that in the corner, 'Dania Fitzmaurice'—sure, it must be the old boy's daughter. Read the thing over again anyhow. May be that bit of æsthepicism—if that's the way you pronounce it—"

"Well, no, it is not. Personally I call it 'æstheticism,' but probably that is my infirmity."

"No matter. Sure, she's young and has a drop too much Rossetti and water taken. Still and all I wouldn't wonder if there was stuff in the yarn somewhere. The old man—ah, his daughter couldn't be anything but true and sweet. Poor thing, she—"

"My dear Daly," Verschoyle broke in, "pray don't use that phrase of any young woman. Nobody could call me a misogynist, but, I confess, I would gladly subscribe—and handsomely in proportion to my means—to any well-worked society for the total suppression of young women. They all write: the more utterly they can't the more strenuously they do. They send their unpunctuated,

misspelt scrabbles, written on both sides, crossed, and with eightpence to pay. They discourse of fox-hunting, and give pleasant little touches about the fans of the ladies, moving like bright butterflies, and the splendid rays that shot from the brass instruments of the band. 'The meet,' they say, 'was a positive triumph. It was a noble sirloin and weighed eighteen pounds.'"

"Ah," said Daly, "that's too much."

"Not at all, I assure you. I've seen it weighing two stone. They have a tremendous scene where the hero—while all others stand pale and agast—without an *h*—rushes in and spears the fox as he stands lashing the water into cascades with the fierce pulsations of his tail. Or they describe the sport as though it were fishing, 'Foxes were now being freely caught.' They choose, with that delicate instinct which never fails them, scenes of club-life or of life in Persia, which they have had special opportunities of studying in their refined circle at Ballygob. One lady sent me a military novel, with the scene laid at Simla, and called 'The Punkah's Bride.'"

"Ah, then," protested Daly, "why wouldn't you season your lies with moderation?"

"Fact, my dear sir, fact, I assure you. Indeed, for a novel of that class, I thought the local colouring unusually true. They ask me to insert their stuff because they have never seen my portrait."

"Ah, nonsense," said Daly. "There wouldn't be any poor creature so misfortunate as that."

"But are sure," Verschoyle continued, with a bow, "that it has a kind face; because the MS. has been refused by everybody else, and they fear that it is sad rubbish; because an aunt of theirs was very near going by the same train as the dentist who broke my cousin's jaw; because a certain girl, who is very far from *nice*, has two lovely new gowns, and they feel it their duty to break the unhallowed mesh which she has cast about a good young man, not clever, or handsome, but with a very sweet smile and *nice* income—a young man who, if left to follow his own inclinations, would most surely spend his evenings *elsewhere*. Therefore if I would just throw the enclosed into shape, and send the remuneration at once, etc. They abuse me or they pierce me with satirical notes of admiration. Perhaps the length of my own brilliant efforts leaves no space for 'Bold Bobby's Bath Bun,' or 'The Wanderers of the Kattegat.' Why, my dear fellow, I—"

"Come now, Verschoyle, I gave you a good innings. Let myself edge in one little word. Look here, old man. I'd like that you'd put that story in and send herself a cheque."

"Add insult to injury; why—"

"Whist now, amn't I after listening to you like a lamb? I'd like to manage it some way. Himself, the old Canon, did me a good turn once. Well, I'll tell you the way it was." Daly had risen and was moving jerkily up and down. "I got into a bad way: sure, yourself knows what kind of men most of them are at the Triton."

"John Jamieson, my jo, John, we're middling weel acquent?"

"Yes," said Daly, "but that was not the worst."

It was the cynicism ; the loss of faith in God and man and woman."

"And woman?" said Verschoyle. "The only way not to lose faith in woman is to start without any."

"Verschoyle," said the older man, "I'm sorry to hear you speaking like that. If you don't mean it, then it's affectation, and silly and mischievous affectation. If you do mean it, then, my dear boy, God help you. Once a man disbelieves in the goodness

"It was. Verschoyle, that sermon saved me. What does it say about the Apostles? 'They took knowledge of them that they had been with Jesus.' It was like that; it wasn't the learning, nor the argument, nor the eloquence. I breathed an air I never thought to breathe again. There was hope in it and love and trust and—'Deed," said Daly, frowning and getting something winked away, "I'm not a soft chap, but he nearly made me cry; every bit of the dear old man went into the sermon. I'd



THE PROMISSORY NOTE CAN BE RENEWED AGAIN. BUT WRITE HER A PRETTY LETTER.

of women, he has the devil's hook taken, and, though he may run out a bit of line, sooner or later the devil will have his gaff in him."

"Ah," said Verschoyle, "I forgot; your joke license is for off the premises. I'll just run across the street next time."

"All right, my dear fellow; I knew it was only chaff. Well, I was *blasé*, without a faith, without an aim. I was gone wrong altogether, and one day (good luck to that same shower though it destroyed a guinea hat on me) I took shelter in St. Patrick's. There was an old country parson preaching."

"The inspired poetess's papa?"

nearly believe his two old lace-ups set outside the door would make a better man of the night porter."

"But, my dear fellow! am I to print twaddle for the sake——?"

"You're to do it for the sake of myself. Send the girl a trifle of encouragement and a couple of guineas and—ah, then, maybe you wouldn't be out of pocket at all."

Verschoyle shrugged his shoulders and spread out his hands. "If you put it to me as—like that, I mean on the ground of friendship—well, I'm not a gushing man, but I'd do a good deal for you, Daly."

"I'm sure of it; and myself always had a great

wish for you, Verschoyle, though I'd like to see you dropping those cheap sneers at—but I won't be preaching another sermon. Here's somebody wanting me." He laid his hand upon Standish's arm. "Take your own time about the account."

"Oh, thanks awfully. And the promissory note that—"

"Ah," said Daly, giving him a friendly push, "that can be renewed again. But write her a pretty letter."

Verschoyle nodded. "She shall have a beautiful letter. An aromatic letter. A letter that would console a parting parson for its not being accompanied by a purse of sovereigns."

He fixed his gaze upon the ceiling, and tilted the perilous chair cautiously up and down. His lips curved with rather a cynical smile, as he took up his pen and began to write.

"Dear Madam,—Journeying, for my sins, through a weary land, haunted by the owl and the ass, I have come at last to a fountain. Ah, the refreshment!

"Work like yours—so delicate, so sensitive, so reticent, so sincere"—(with each adjective, waited for, and warmly approved as it came, his smile took on more and more of the sneer)—"is wronged by praise. Applied to such art it seems 'malicious mockery.' Yet suffer me, for the ease of my own heart, to pour out a little of my joy, my gratitude. The thing is perfect. It has the simplicity of a violet—and its purity—and its pathos. It is a flower. It lives, and it will live. Its holy breath is about me now and will cling to me through travail and dust.

"But has the spring only one violet?"

"Right loyally yours,

"STANDISH VERSCHOYLE."

He wrote a cheque for five guineas, and, without remark, enclosed it.

"An emu," he said to himself as he addressed the envelope, "could hardly digest that. I don't suppose, however, it will inconvenience a young woman. And, in good earnest, if too far east is west, that criticism comes very near to the truth. Anyhow, the thing has pulled me out of a nasty hole about that bill. I think the occasion demands a bottle of burgundy."

He adjusted the curves of the hat, and left the office.

The day after that small conference at "The Tournay" office, the Rector came down to breakfast, and kissed his daughter, who was already taking the tea-cosy off the teapot.

His dress was, if the truth must be told, not very tidy. His white tie had only a courtesy title to the name. His wristbands were frayed, and his rusty black coat stood sorely in need of a brush. His white hair, too—barbering being an urban matter, transacted at Roscrea, when he went in for the meetings of the Diocesan Council and the Protestant Orphan Society—was a little straggly and wild. And yet, as he entered, there entered with him something that I almost dread to speak of. Dania felt its presence, and let her head rest for a moment

against her father's cheek, in a kind of dumb declaration that it was good to be there. It was a brightness—a light shining from within. You may see some faint expression of it any day when a man comes straight from prayer; not from kneeling down and saying the prescribed words, but from true speaking to God. But it is only when one has prayed long and clingly—has sent his trembling desolate cry up out of the deeps—has felt "Let this cup pass" sink into "Thy will be done"—that the light rests with such clear shining.

The Peace of God—does it altogether pass understanding when one looks upon a face like that?

The dear old man returned his daughter's special caress very lovingly, and then took his place.

At one moment, I think, Dania was very near to getting into the heart of the mystery. Her face was tender and thoughtful, and she looked into her father's eyes with a glance wherein vaguely troubled wonder was on the verge of kindling into intuition. But the moment passed. She handed her father's cup rather abstractedly, and asked if he had had a good night in a tone that expected no answer.

"By the way," said the Rector, as he stretched out his hand to the toast-rack, "I think I may have to go up to—capital toast Bridget makes—to—yes—Dublin—about a little matter." He spoke in a tone of laboured carelessness, and glanced furtively into his daughter's face. "We dignitaries, you know—perhaps on Friday—another lump, please."

It was a miserable piece of acting, calling attention to something as extraordinary, which would otherwise certainly have passed as natural enough. The Rector, as Canon of St. Patrick's, and member of the General Synod, had to visit Dublin pretty frequently—at intervals that his daughter's knowledge of the matters was quite incompetent to check. Now, however, his nervous nonchalance would surely have drawn suspicion upon the ordinary act, but that at the critical moment Paddy, the out-door man, passed the window, girt with the post-bag.

Dania looked up, and flushed a little.

"Really?" was all she said in reply to her father's announcement. "The brown portmanteau, I suppose?"

She turned away, as Mary handed her the bag, and so missed the convicting relief that passed over her father's features.

"Such a lot of things for you, Pappy," she said, while her eye searched for—and instantaneously found—the letter which, unreasonably enough, she expected. She rose and laid beside the Rector his nosegay of circulars, with his "Guardian," one week after date, and a letter or two.

Requests for copies of entries in the parish register, inquiries after the character of a parishioner, the Registrar's demand for Return of Marriages, begging letters—these form the recurrent items of clerical correspondence, and the Rector glanced over his present collection without any quickening of his heart.

"Ah," he was saying, "Anthony Dever's hand, I'm sure. I hope it isn't drink and trouble again. You remember—"

He looked up and stopped.

Dania's face was as white as a white rose, and her eyes were full of tears.

"Why, my child," he cried out in alarm, "what has happened—are you unhappy?"

"Oh no, Pappy," she said, "only too—too happy"; and she rose and flung her arms round her father's neck.

"What is it, my lamb?" he asked, rubbing her back gently up and down, as was his way of sympathy and affection.

"It's accepted," she said, "the story, and he says—oh, I can't tell you—lovely things; and he sends five guineas, and I am to do more for him. Dear, dear father, are we not happy?"

He did not answer that question, but only rubbed a little harder, and said again, "My lamb, my pretty old wench! Shall us be famous, eh?"

Immediately after breakfast the Rector always read for half an hour his Greek Testament, holding his pencil in his hand, and now and again writing in the margin, in the neatest of little scripts, a note or a query. He was not a great scholar, but he was proud of having been in his day a classical gold medallist, and counted it a shame that a man should go to a clerical meeting with an English Testament. Half an hour daily, therefore, he dedicated to that service, "Just to keep the rust," he said, "off the sword of the Spirit." So with his Tischendorf he now sat down, and read his portion.

That day he had rather a special reward. He discovered an "undesigned coincidence."

"It may be of common notoriety," he said, noting the point down with a twinkle of pleasure in his eyes—commonly not shining now—"but I never saw it before myself.

"It says that Zacharias, for his want of faith, was struck dumb; not a word is there about deafness. Yet when the friends want him to signify the name of the child that has been born, they motion to him with signs and pointings, 'How will you have the babe called?'"

"The paralysis of the organs of speech, evidently, as it generally does, involved the organs of hearing. The truth of the miraculous story is checked and proved out of the writer's own mouth. Nothing could be more convincing than that artless corroboration. I have been very happy in my reading to-day."

The Rector put in the marker and closed the book, and then stepped out to go his rounds about the place, and take his counsel with Paddy.

Watch, the wolf-dog—who was forbidden to enter the house, being large and effusive, and apt to lift the whole table, like a burglar, or an earthquake, under the bed—was already on the step. Watch approved of punctuality, and enforced it by example. But even as he was expending his first effluence of tender bites and convincing wriggles, a voice broke in upon the exchange of confidences.

"Pa'son," it said, "I humbly axes pardon. 'Tis a great trouble to ye entirely that I am."

The Rector turned upon the speaker with a frown.

"Go away, Bridget Heffernan," he said severely. "I'm ashamed of your scandalous behaviour."

Bridget clasped her hands and lifted them, with her eyes, as in ecstasy.

"Ah, the sweetness of the crature," she said, "and the heavenly smile that's on him. The Lord reward you, Pa'son Fitzmaurice, for them gracious words."

"Bridget," said the Rector, frowning still more, "who was it that was on the street last Sunday—Sunday of all days—shrieking like a maniac—yes, like a raving maniac?"

"It wouldn't," said Bridget, in a tone of politely interested conjecture, "it wouldn't be myself at all?"

"Yes, it would, Bridget. It was you, drunk, and breaking windows, and shaking your fist in Sergeant Doherty's face."

"Ah, no, then," said Bridget, "I wouldn't take that amount of notice of Sergeant Doherty. If I made any remark of that nature 'twould be to Constable Hourigan—a very decent young man he is, and comes of a nice family in County Mayo, with a carpet in the parlour and, some tells you, a piano; that's the atmosphere they're moving in. Faith, Pa'son, I'm grieving you didn't hear him singing 'The Meeting of the Waters' yet. But there, your Reverence, don't be raking up them ould grievances, but let me have one sweet word with you, for I'm in great trouble at the present. And don't be thinking that I'm looking for anything—for indeed it isn't about temporal advantages that I'm debating at all."

"Well, what is it?"

"Pa'son, not to tell you a lie, 'tis the Missionary Meeting that you'll be having in the school on Thursday. Sure I have the greatest wish for them poor naygurs in Japan."

"They are not niggers, Bridget, and they could teach some of us a good deal. They do not get drunk and—"

"Ah," said Bridget, "the dacent poor haythens, they does their best. Pa'son, how would I manage at all? for I have no way regarding the clothes. I am as you see me now, Pa'son, neither better nor worse—just houlding together by contrivance and ingenuity."

The Rector looked at her. Truly she was a miserable bundle of rags—bareheaded, barefooted, towsled, unwashed, and with an eye like a rainbow. Yet there was something winning in her smile—in spite of a missing front tooth—and an odd touch of dignity in her carriage.

"Bridget," he said, "listen to me."

"Deed, then, Pa'son, I will with a heart and a half, for 'tis good words that I'll be hearing any way."

"I'm wishful to give you another chance, Bridget, for it's a bad thing to see you, a Protestant woman, the way you are. I'll give you a decent fit-out if you'll promise me not to touch anything but water."

"And tay, Pa'son: sure there's no impropriety in tay."

"And tea. You give me your promise, do you?"

"That them above may hear me making it, which I do with an open heart."

"And, after a while, when you have shown you

are looking for strength in the right place, then, Bridget, you shall sign the pledge."

"Ah, then, don't be talking about that, Pa'son. Why would we be meeting trouble half-way?"

"Wait till I have an order written for you. Sit down in the kitchen, my poor woman, and have a cup of tea."

Bridget went to her namesake within, and in a minute the Rector came to her with a letter in his hand.

"Now, look here," he said. "You'll take this to Dodd's, in Roscrea—here's the money for your fare—and they'll give you a nice outfit. I leave it to yourself to choose what's suitable—plain and sensible, mind: no flounces or furbelows."

"Sure, then, I wouldn't hold with them things at all. Nothing flaring nor vainglorious, like them shop-girls that knows no better. Rely upon me, Pa'son, to do you credit. And that the Lord may bless you and speed you! Long may you reign, Pa'son Fitzmaurice, for you made a poor orphan's heart rejoice this day, and there's them above that will see it made up to you, and maybe I'll live to behold you bishop, with your sceptre and your throne."

Bridget fell on her knees, and catching the Rector's hand in her own covered it with kisses.

"And at the meeting look out for Bridget, for there you'll find me, Pa'son, with my hymn-book in my hand, and may be a trifle to assist them that is sending out tea-trays for them Japaneses, the dacent poor haythens."

So, smiling and curtsying, she withdrew.

"God help the poor soul," said the Rector, with eyes moist between tears and laughter; "I believe she wants to do right."

"Indeed, then, myself has no such thought," answered Rectory Bridget, turning up her gown and looking round for the mop. "I'll have to clean the place after her. I haven't no patience with such trash."

"But God has, Bridget," said the Rector solemnly.

"That's right enough, Sir," answered Bridget, slopping down half a bucketful of water; "I'm not denying it at all. But, axing your pardon, I don't think He'd be for seating her in His clean kitchen."

The Rector tried to frown, but had to smile instead. Perhaps the smile had as good an effect on Bridget.

A PEOPLE ADRIFT.

FOR the ethnologist no more interesting hunting-ground can be found anywhere than in the inhabited valleys of the great chain of mountains stretching from the north-eastern shores of the Black Sea right to the Caspian. Such a mixture of races and such a babel of languages can probably be found nowhere else on the surface of our globe.

In one small province, Daghestan, no less than fourteen distinct dialects and languages are spoken, and Daghestan is about as large as Yorkshire. During a recent visit to this province I rode in the course of eight hours through four villages each speaking a different language, the villagers of one being altogether unable to understand their neighbours in another, and speaking a dialect of Turkish when wishing to make themselves understood by anyone outside their own tribe. A curious point about some of these dialects, especially those which are not held together by either a spoken or a written literature is, that they are continually fluctuating. An old Lesgian told me that many words in the speech of his grandson he found considerable difficulty in recognising, so great had been the change in the spoken language during the fifty years that lay between their ages. Who these people all are, whence they came, what their origin, why they have been driven into their present habitations, and when, are questions that have puzzled the learned for many a year, and for which no satisfactory or generally accepted solution has yet been offered.

One of the most interesting of these Caucasian people, so strangely isolated in their almost inaccessible valleys, is that known as the Ossets or



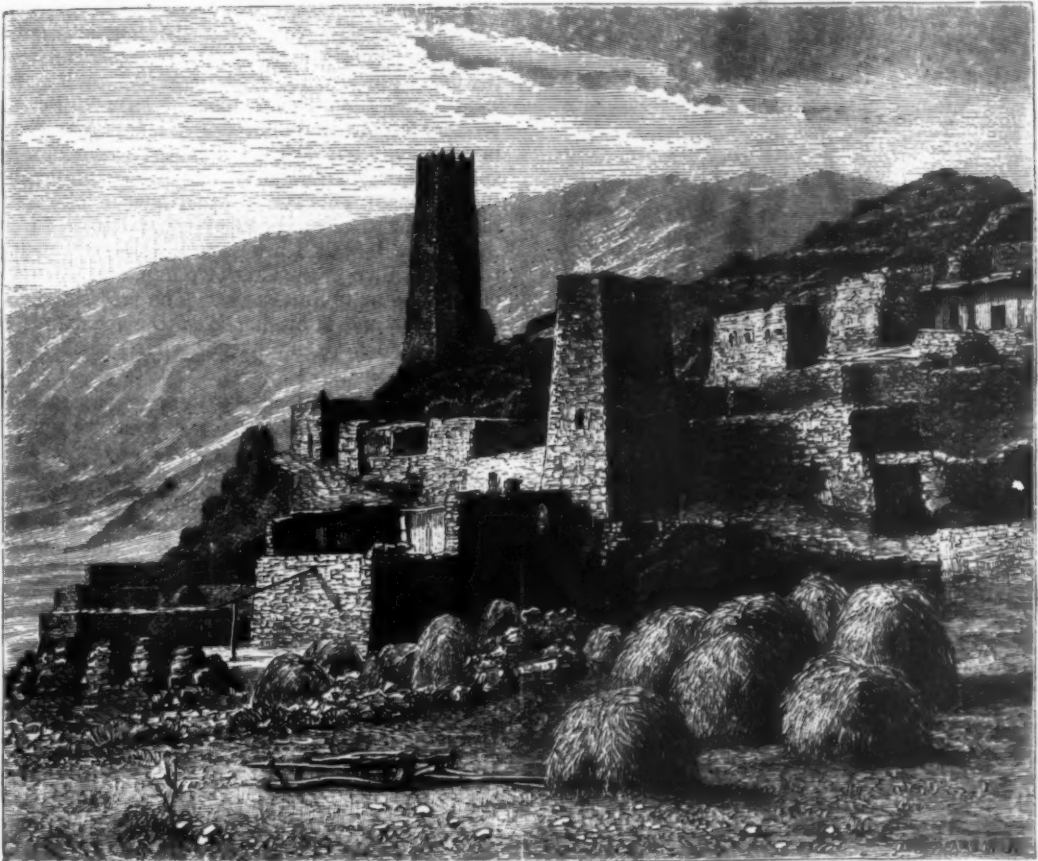
AN OSSET ELDER.

Ossetians, inhabiting a district about half-way along the main chain, and bordering the great

military road that connects Vladikarkaz with Tiflis, the old Georgian capital of Transcaucasia. In appearance, domestic economy, manners, customs, language, and costume they are absolutely isolated from their neighbours on all sides. Speculation has been rife as to their origin, but I think it is now generally conceded that they are the remnants of an old Medic colony which had probably intended to settle somewhere to the north of the mountains, but met with retarding obstacles which they found to be insurmountable. The fair hair and blue eyes so widely distributed among the Ossets of to-day would seem to support the theory, and philosophers

off, and in turn kiss his hand. The entire property of the clan is at his disposal, and he can bestow it on whom he will, no one daring to question even his most capricious act. If a village is inhabited by several families or clans the elders form a council, and their decisions cannot be appealed against.

Another very important controlling influence on Osset society is the blood feud, but as far as I could gather from Ossets with whom I have spoken on the subject the Russians are gradually putting an end to this chaotic method of settling disputes. There are still existing, however, two most extra-



OSSET VILLAGE, WITH TRAPEZOID TOWERS.

have found distinctly Germanic traces in many of their root words and in some of their numerals. The number of the Ossets is at present about 75,000, divided into four principal tribes or divisions with numerous subdivisions or clans.

The fundamental principle on which the family and social life of these mountaineers is based is the absolute authority of the elders. At the head of each subdivision stands the oldest man of that particular clan, and rich and poor, young and old, are bound to yield him implicit and unquestioning obedience. In his presence no one dare eat, or sit down, or talk above a whisper until he gives permission. At his entrance all rise, take their caps

ordinary modes of litigation applying to murder cases. The first is the appointment of a court the members of which are chosen by the relatives of the murdered man. The court settles the award to be paid to the friends of deceased, and the murderer must either pay it or become an outlaw. The other mode allows the nearest male relative to shoot at the murderer under certain prescribed conditions. The result of the shot, whether the escape or death of the murderer, settles the dispute for ever.

One of the most unpleasant aspects of life among the Ossets is the position of the women. From the very first appearance of his daughter into

the world an Osset father bewails his hard lot ; and the only compensating and consoling thought under the circumstances is the prospect he has sooner or later of selling her to somebody as a



OSSET SHEPHERD.

wife. A wife if she is weakly and ugly will sometimes fetch as low a price as £10 ; for a strong and good-looking wife a sum of over £100 has been known to be paid. Marriage for love is, therefore, not one of the things known to an Osset. It used to be common thirty or forty years ago to marry their children at the early age of eight, but the Russians have forbidden this unnatural custom. A husband demands implicit faithfulness from his wife only until the birth of her first child, or in default of children for the first four years of wedded life. She is then free, and whatever her conduct afterwards the husband is in the habit of viewing it with perfect indifference. Of course, if he wishes he may send her away, and when he chooses to do so can always find a multitude of reasons. In such a case the discarded wife returns to her relatives ragged and starving, and is ever after subject to the vilest treatment at their hands. Her children in all cases remain with the husband.

An Osset is usually satisfied with one wife, but sometimes he takes as many as he can support. The first wife is considered the lawful spouse, the others are looked upon as, so to say, lawful concubines. No woman, no matter how irreproachable her conduct, no matter how wonderful her strength and endurance, ever receives the least respect among Ossets. The wives and daughters are the

slaves of the household, and their lot is everlasting labour either in the house or in the fields.

The Osset religion may be said to be an extraordinary mixture of Islamism, Paganism, and Christianity. As early as the fourth century Christianity was preached among them, probably by Nestorian and other Syriac missionaries ; but it never obtained a firm footing, and the ancient heathenism retained its influence. Then came the period of the Saracenic and Turkish wars, and the Ossets had portions of Islamism superinduced on their religious belief. They believe in a high Being governing the whole world, and call him Khutsu. He lives in the heavens. No one, no other being, controls him. On his will everything depends. A few years ago the Russian writer Kharuzin published some interesting particulars of the Osset religion, and I am indebted to him for what follows on this subject. In addition to Khutsu the Ossets believe in a large number of inferior divinities, each of which has his own allotted sphere in the work of governing the world—under the direction, of course, of Khutsu. The most respected and worshipped of these demi-gods, as they might be called, are Uatsili, answering roughly to the St. Elias of the Greek Church, and Uastergi, corresponding to St. George. The first is the god of thunder, and in his hands is the regulation of harvests and crops of all kinds. He punishes with



OSSET WOMAN WITH WATER-PITCHER.

flashes of deadly lightning, and the victim of his wrath is buried where he falls. If the clan to which the offender of the god belongs have reason to consider that the wrath of the god has not yet

been appeased, they dig the dead man out of his grave, place his body on a cart to which are harnessed a couple of bullocks, and drive the bullocks into the mountains. At the spot where the bullocks first halt of their own free will the body is reburied, and the anger of Uatsili is turned from them.

By far the best beloved of their deities is Uastergi, or St. George. He is the centre of numerous legends, some of them very beautiful, where he is represented as protecting the people from danger. When evil spirits would work a man evil, Uastergi is always ready to counteract their machinations. When they conspire together to work mischief by sending plague, war, or famine on the Ossets, Uastergi intercedes with them, and begs them to tolerate a little longer the sins and short-

comings of the people and give them time for repentance. It sometimes happens that this beloved deity puts it into the heart of a man to go about from village to village to preach righteousness and holy living. We have here, doubtless, a remnant of the teaching of the old Syrian missionaries.

It may be added in conclusion that the Ossets, according to the universal opinion of those who have made a study of the different tribes of the Caucasus, are a highly gifted people in the realms of mind and imagination. They are said to be endowed with a rich poetic fancy, and at some of their banquets, when the strong corn spirit of their country begins to circulate, their orators burst into the highest flights of eloquence. They are a mirth-loving people, good-hearted and polite, and their hospitality knows no bounds.

MICHAEL A. MORRISON.

THOMAS CARLYLE.

BY MRS. ISABELLA FVIE MAVO.

PART I.

IT is now a whole hundred years ago since, on December 4, 1795, there was born, into a respectable mason's house in Ecclefechan, Dumfriesshire, Scotland, Thomas Carlyle, he who exhorted us to silence in thirty-five volumes of stormy speech, and of whom surely more has been written and known than of any other man in this century!

What was the man himself, and what was the real message from him? It is worth pausing to consider once again. Such "consideration" is, indeed, the only "centenary celebration" of any worthy man, and certainly no other "worship" would have seemed acceptable to our hero.

It has been said, perhaps rashly, that blessed is the nation, or the individual, who has no history! Yet, of what is generally regarded as history, Thomas Carlyle had little, and was by no means blessed! What are the features of his life which can be in any way categorically named? Upbringing in a strict, strongly affectioned home, orderly education, from school to academy, to university. From 1814 to 1824, earning bread as a teacher either in schools or families. Then a year or two of "adventure" literary work under his father's roof. Marriage in 1826 (at the age, therefore, of thirty-one). Literary labours of varied sort from that date—such labours not without pecuniary struggle, until the year 1840, from which period not only his welfare, but his fame and prosperity were secure, so that in high authentic opinion it may even be said, "without fear of contradiction, that, for good or evil, he exerted a greater influence on British literature during the middle of the nineteenth century, and through that literature on the ethical, religious, and political beliefs of his time, than any of his contemporaries."

Few men reach such a height as he attained earlier than he, at the age of forty-five; certainly none who have resolutely determined to take the thorny path which he chose. Until the sudden death of his wife, when he was nearly seventy years of age, his life had but one calamity in the sense of unnatural blow, or freak of circumstance, to wit, the burning of the MS. of the first volume of his "French Revolution" at the hands of John Stuart Mill's servant girl. This calamity occurred in the year 1835, while his struggle was still hard, and, as involving the re-doing of work entailing great mental strain, it cannot be over-estimated. No money could in the least compensate for the imposition of such a task. Yet John Stuart Mill did his best, and endeavoured to recompense Carlyle for the time which was so ill-wasted. But the accident might have occurred at the hands of some of the Carlyles' own shifting household help, and then there would have been no alleviation! Sir Isaac Newton could recover no "damages" for the havoc wrought by his dog Diamond! Therefore, even this stroke of tragedy did not fall on Carlyle so bitterly as it might have done—as it has fallen on other men.

Natural sorrow of course he had, such as is the lot of all humanity. One sister died in early womanhood. But his parents were long spared to their children. His highly honoured father lived to see all his family grown, each prepared in his or her own way to fight the battle of life—his son Thomas himself a man of thirty-seven. The dearly loved mother lived to see her son in high honour and prosperity—surviving to the age of eighty-four, when the illustrious son was himself verging on sixty years. His elder step-brother was a creditable, independent man. His younger brothers and

sisters all did well in their own spheres. If he stood by his brothers, as undoubtedly he did, in some of their earlier difficulties, there was a perfect reciprocity of interest, and he was repaid not only in cash but in the credit they reflected on him. And these, with his own wife, were all the people whom he really cared for in the world. He had none of the affections which can strike deep root in wider spheres. Outside the ties of blood and marriage, his heart was never deeply wounded, because it was never deeply touched. Even to those friends who were oldest and nearest, we feel it would be absurd to add the word "dearest." He could comment freely on them, and their sufferings and shortcomings, and with that graphic point of phrase which springs rather from mental force than from emotional feeling. They stood outside.

And yet this man, this genius, this man of substantial goodness (for a light as fierce as beats on any throne has penetrated every cranny of his life), first filled the world with the wail of his own miseries, and then with lamentations of remorse over the "misery" he had wrought for his wife, to whom he had ever, on any excuse of brief absence, written long letters full of every term of husbandly love and pride and tenderness which could warm a woman's heart, inspire her courage, and soothe her nerves!

Mrs. Carlyle, too, who has been held up as the martyr wife of the nineteenth century—on what lines did her life run?—what were her special experiences? She was the only daughter of a country practitioner, who, dying, left her and her mother with a modest competence. The mother was a person of distinctly "genteel" proclivities; the daughter had a good education according to the lights of those days (as well as something more). She moved in the "genteel" society of a little country town. At the age of twenty-five she married Thomas Carlyle. She had no pecuniary anxieties about any of her own belongings, for her present surrender of her own share of their joint property made her mother almost affluent; she had no need to look forebodingly forward to the bitter possibilities of far-advanced life, for her surrendered fortune would return to her on her mother's death. Her husband's family liked her. The young wife had one servant, and it was at a period when solitary servants were more common and more valuable than they are to-day. In course of time, to suit her husband's work and make his uncertain income go further, they lived for a while in a little ancestral manor house, which was her own property. Then they went to London, and lived in a good, old-fashioned home, in an airy and what would be called a "quiet" neighbourhood. She had opportunities for seeing the most interesting society of her time. Her mother lived till the daughter was forty years of age. Long before that her husband was recognised as the foremost thinker of his period. As life advanced, she had two servants and a brougham, significant of course only in the light that she thus received that supplement to failing strength which dear, kind "Elia" explained to "Bridget" as necessitating their improved conditions of "playgoing," although they might not enjoy the spectacle so much as when

they had struggled at the pit-door! When she was sixty-five, she died suddenly, at the very time when her husband stood on the apex of his fame and success, and all ambitions were fulfilled.

We have thus briefly told the story of the external conditions of the pair whose lives were inextricably bound up together. And we have done so, because we want to make manifest that there was certainly nothing in these conditions to account for the impression of pervading gloom and the shrieks of misery which the couple have left behind. Their history is a striking proof that "man does not live by bread alone," and these two managed to drop spiritual poison into their cup, which sufficed to turn their hearts to gall. We want to consider how this happened, for two reasons. First, because it is a risk we all run, more or less; second, because out of their unfortunate history, nay, out of very words of theirs, have sprung up certain rash conclusions—discreditable to the highest ideals—will-o'-the-wisp lights, apt to lead others deeper into the very same bog, even while they seem to warn off it.

We may, perhaps, first give a regard to what they both were, before they "came together." That may help us to arrive at some just opinion concerning their mutual influence.

Thomas Carlyle had been brought up under stern conditions. His many-childed father seems never to have had an income of more than £100 per annum, which went far in the "plain living" of the Ecclefechan cottage with all its "high thinking" of its own rugged genuine sort. The father had never had one penny which he knew not well how he had come by, "picked out of the hard stone." (He was a mason.) As Thomas Carlyle says, in that house "food and all else were simply and solely there as a means *for doing work*." The food was mainly porridge, milk, and potatoes. When Thomas Carlyle himself joined the University he walked all the distance between home and college—about one hundred miles.

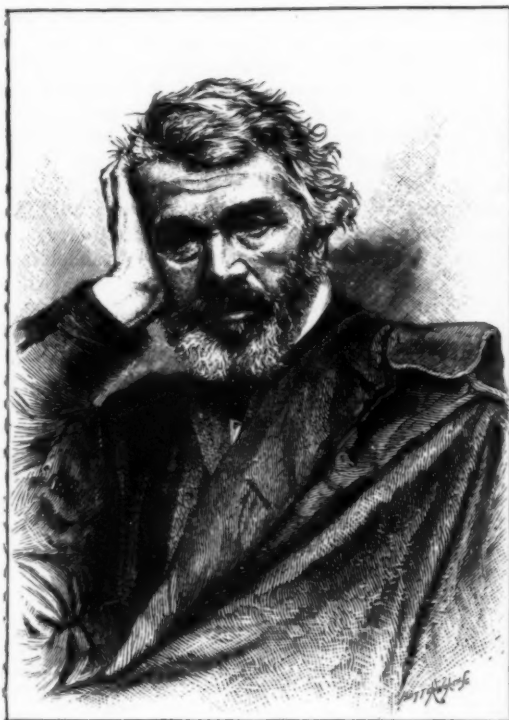
Thomas Carlyle seems to have had no educational disadvantages. "I do not grudge thee thy schooling, Tom," said his father, and rose above the vulgar warning that to educate children is to teach them to despise their parents. The faith in this instance was certainly justified. At the University the youth's friends were good lads. Their letters show no jesting with vice, no indiscreet allusions to it. They were interested in the literature and public life of the day, and there was boyish recognition of some superiority in their companion. But it may be significant of much that Carlyle did not do very well at college. He took no prizes—not even a degree. He said that the bustle and crowd of the exam. rooms were against him!

From college he went on to teaching—soon putting aside original views as to preparation for the ministry, greatly to his mother's disappointment. He formed a close friendship with Edward Irving, despite a vital difference of mental and moral constitution, which made Irving about the last man likely to commend the philosophy of dogma to the young thinker. Carlyle fought out his spiritual battle alone, and has given its history, he him-

self tells us, in "Sartor Resartus," only that the scene thereof is transferred from "Leith Walk" to a mythical "St. Thomas de l'Enfer."

It is evident that melancholy of a strange, humorous, growling type had already marked Carlyle for its own. It is said that while he was teaching school at Kirkcaldy, he wrote home a letter which greatly alarmed all his family, while he himself, having forgotten all about it, was quite startled by the reception of their letters of anxiety and terror. "I should have thought you knew me well enough to understand that I am not killed every time I cry 'murder!'" was his comment. Yet in those days his language, as seen in letters, etc., was more

her was that of the flattering sycophancy apt to surround the smart only child of a respected professional man, who, by virtue of his office, was of the "powers" in quiet Haddington. After his death she and her widowed mother lived "genteelly"—the life of morning calls and supper parties, of pickling and preserving. They had literary "tastes"—probably there was much conversation of the "Shakespeare and musical glasses" order; in the daughter, some longing and capacity for more serious study. But her young-woman letters do not show her in a particularly attractive or lofty light. She spelled abominably—that peculiarly uncultured spelling which seems incredible in a reader, unless



MR. CARLYLE.

From a photograph by Elliott & Fry.



MRS. CARLYLE.

temperate than it afterwards became, and he cast kindlier regards on average humanity, though it is significant to remember that his shadowy first-love, Margaret Gordon, must have seen something to elicit her warning:

"Remove the awful distance between you and ordinary men by kind and gentle manners. Deal gently with their inferiority, and be convinced they will respect you as much and like you more."

It is significant, too, that all this time Carlyle took what work he could get to secure honest independence, though some of it—"private tutoring" for instance—must have been as little to his taste as anything could well be.

Jane Welsh, Carlyle's future wife, had had very different rearing. Her recollections were of pretty dancing-school performances, the atmosphere about

one with peculiarly ungifted eye—"died" for "dyed," "comit," "colera," "Carslile," for "Carlyle," "Pailey" for "Paley." These blunders are brought forward by mistaken partisans to "prove the rapidity and carelessness with which the most brilliant letters were dashed off!"—as if good spelling entails consideration or consultation of dictionary! As for the tone of these "brilliant" letters, it seems to us scarcely above their spelling. The prevailing topic is her quondam lovers, enumerated by name, all seemingly contemporaneous, and dismissed, when they cease to please or to be pleased, as "wretches." She used the strongest language, swore in plain terms in writing, dated letters from "Hell."

After her acquaintance with Carlyle ripened, her letters improved both in matter and manner; even the language was somewhat softened for a while. Many of her letters, interspersed through the many

"Lives," are graphic and clever. But from beginning to end, they always remain singularly full of herself, her own doings and interests. She early considered her native place, Haddington, "as the dimmest and dearest spot in God's universe," and expressed her own determination to "dwell in the open world—live amid life."

Their courtship held a thousand warnings that it should not be proceeded with. Each from his or her own point of view spoke plain truth to each other, but they did not allow that truth to influence their actions. It is hard to understand how a man of Carlyle's spirit could bear to be written to thus:

"I conceive it a duty which everyone owes to society not to throw up that station in it which Providence has assigned him, and, having this conviction, I could not marry into a station inferior to my own with the approval of my judgment, which alone could enable me to brave the censures of my acquaintance.

"And now let me ask you, have you any *certain* livelihood to maintain me in the manner I have been used to live in? any fixed place in the rank of society I have been born and bred in? No. . . . Apply your industry to carry it into effect; your talents to gild over the inequality of our births, and then we will talk of marrying."

Again:

"I merely wish to see you earning a certain livelihood, and exercising the profession of a gentleman."

These things go to prove where originated the feeling that Carlyle dragged down "a sensitive, delicate, high-bred young lady," and turned her into "a household drudge." Professor Masson has indignantly repudiated the mass of inanity which has been written on this line. He rightly asserts that any Scottish person could have told Carlyle's biographers "that there was nothing extraordinary whatever in the match between the educated son of a Scottish peasant and the daughter of a Scottish provincial surgeon, and that if Jane Welsh had not married Carlyle, and been promoted by that marriage to a sphere far higher in the world's affairs than would otherwise have been within her reach, she would have probably lived and died the equally drudging wife of some professional Scottish nobody."

It is quite clear that Carlyle himself never made any demand upon his wife for which he had not scrupulously prepared her while she was still free.

"If (says he) my heart and my hand, with the barren and perplexed destiny which promises to attend them, shall, after all, appear the best this poor world can offer you, then take me and be content with me, and do not vex yourself with struggling to alter what is unalterable—to make a man who is poor and sick suddenly become rich and healthy. You tell me you often weep to think what is to become of us. It is unwise in you to weep; if you are reconciled to be my wife (not the wife of an *ideal* me, but the simple, actual, prosaic me) there is nothing frightful in the future. I look into it with more and more confidence and composure. Alas, Jane, you do not know me; it is not the poor rejected, unknown Thomas Carlyle that you know, *but the prospective rich, known, and admired Thomas Carlyle.*" (The italics are ours.)

Still, there is a matter concerning the marriage in which Carlyle seems to have behaved unworthily. He was taking an only daughter from a widowed parent. Would it not have been a natural and dutiful concession that the mother should remain with the young wife? Nor would it have cost

Carlyle much. He foresaw, quite clearly, that his work would take him into quiet places and give his companion many solitary hours. But he would not hear of a joint household nor of anything of the sort. In excuse it may be urged that he knew Mrs. Welsh did not like him, that she and her daughter jarred a good deal, and that he, on his side, would have "despatched" her "impertinent visitors" and "that sort of deer" by dozens in a day. If Carlyle felt that the incompatibility between the mother and himself were such that he could only wed the daughter by inducing her to trample on filial tenderness, he should have accepted this as a token that they were better apart. Nay, there is something altogether mysterious to us in his emphatic repudiation of Mrs. Welsh; for when he suggested that he and his wife should settle among his own people at Scotsbrig, and she, consenting, hinted of visits from her mother, he promptly vetoed the idea and assured his betrothed that such a thing would be impossible! (This not uncommonly happens with a husband's ties, but it is managed subtly, and after marriage; we doubt whether many men would face such terms baldly proposed!) Still more atrocious was his proposal that as, in view of her loneliness, Mrs. Welsh proposed to return to her own father, then Carlyle and his wife should take possession of the house in Haddington from which they had, as it were, morally evicted the widowed parent! Even Mrs. Carlyle's sympathetic biographer, Mrs. Ireland, does not seem to see the special brutality of this proposal, but dwells rather on the pain which Miss Welsh would have felt on coming as a bride among old acquaintances who thought her marriage a mistake, and who would have been promptly routed by the impatient bridegroom! It is to Jane Welsh's credit that she repudiated this idea. But we must remember her dislike of Haddington, and it seems as if she could scarcely have given Carlyle any moral reason for her refusal, for after hearing from her, he dropped the subject, saying:

"I confess my inability, with my present knowledge, to reconcile this very peremptory distaste with your usual good sense."

The pair were married, and then began the long history of unrest, confusion, and bewailing. What suited him never seemed to suit her—at least at the same time. They both seem to have required physical quietness. Yet country and solitude evidently suited him—though sometimes he fancied otherwise. "Lamentations over indigestion and want of sleep are almost entirely absent from the letters written from Craigenputtock . . . he looked back to it afterwards as the happiest and whole-somest home that he had ever known." City and society suited her, though it often pleased her to miscall and condemn both! People early began to pity her; there is no doubt that Jeffrey's consideration for her influenced the break-up of the Craigenputtock establishment. It has been made by her biographers as a wrong inflicted on her that she seldom saw her husband from breakfast time till four in the afternoon! How many women do more? And yet we must remember that, despite Jane Welsh's girlish dislike to dull Haddington, she had, as a promised bride, voluntarily professed

her preference for solitude and simplicity—and that, not only to Carlyle himself, but to his mother, writing (in a letter whose tone of insinuated superiority, as coming from the younger woman to the elder, from the future daughter-in-law to the mother-in-law, Jane Welsh would have ill borne had their positions been reversed) :

"Tell Mr. Carlyle my handsome cousin is coming to Haddington with his sister Phoebe, and his valet Henley, and his great dog Toby, over and above Dash, Craigen, Fanny, and Frisk. My heart misgives me at the prospect of this inundation of company, for their ways are not my ways, and what is amusement to them is death to me. But I must just be patient as usual. Verily, I should need to be Job instead of Jane Welsh to bear these everlasting annoyances with any degree of composure."

The very allusion to the "handsome cousin" (with whom she had had her flirtations) and the description of his dashing, well-appointed life, is not in very good taste where it stands, and the innocent simplicity with which Carlyle accepted all these subtle indications of aloofness, shows in pleasing contrast to her own bitterness when the day came when he was made welcome in ranks of society where she felt she was only acceptable for his sake. There is no doubt that in the beginning she was delighted by his entrance into such society, when, but for her own influence, he would have been probably still buried at Craigenputtock. In 1838 he writes of a visit to the Chancellor of the Exchequer :

"I returned about one in the morning with a headache that served me for more than a day after. 'It will help your lectures,' Jane said. Maybe so, but in the meantime it has quite hindered my natural peace and composure."

It always seems to us that most unnecessary emphasis has been placed on the whole of the Carlyle association with Lord and Lady Ashburton. Carlyle had from the first allowed his wife to surround herself with people for whom he cared little, often most unjustly, as when he speaks of Mazzini as one "who came about us here for many years, *patronised* by my wife, to me very wearisome." Mrs. Carlyle, alive to all its advantages, had at first encouraged the intimacy with the Ashburtons. But she could not bear it when she found herself brought in contact with a woman of much her own nature, when it was her turn to be "patronised" and dictated to and treated with "kindness" not unmingled with scorn. She could not bear it, and yet she never seemed able to make clear to Carlyle what she could not and would not bear. But it was not that she kept silence. She actually took Mazzini into her counsel! The attitude he took and the advice he gave make us love and honour the great Italian leader. He appealed to the memory of her parents, exhorted her

"to feel that you owe to them to be strong, that they may never feel ashamed of their own Jane . . . Can you think that their vanishing for a time has made you less responsible to them? Can you, in a word, love them less because they are far from sight? I have often thought that an arrangement by which loved and loving beings are to pass through death is nothing but the last experiment appointed by God to human love . . . Be strong, then, and true to those you loved, and proud, nobly proud, in the eyes of those you love or esteem. Some of them are deeply, silently suffering, but needing strength too, needing it perhaps from you. Get up and work."

She had another confidante too, surely not so wise—sentimental Geraldine Jewsbury, of whom Carlyle himself had written :

"I wish she could once get it fairly into her head that neither woman, nor man, nor any kind of creature in this universe, was born for the exclusive, or even for the chief purpose of falling in love, or being fallen in love with."

He seems to have liked Geraldine Jewsbury—liked her, probably, because she pleased his wife, and this judgment on her, as she stands forth in her published letters to Mrs. Carlyle (to say nothing of her novels), does not seem at all too severe. Mrs. Carlyle's letters to Geraldine Jewsbury were destroyed, so that we can only judge of them by their reflection in the other side of the correspondence. For all its cleverness it seems to have been flippant, egotistic, and something else beside—something which wounds and shocks us as between matron and maid—a tone, or rather lack of tone, which proves that Carlyle's influence had not wholly banished the frivolous tendencies visible in the letters of Jane Welsh, the girl.

Worst of all her confidences, Mrs. Carlyle took her Journal into her confidence, and what she never spoke out to her husband she left him to read after she was dead. Perhaps she did not mean to do this. Anyhow, it was a cruel blow.

There is little record of anything said or written by Carlyle himself to account for his wife's extraordinary bitterness in the Ashburton matter. He seems to have gone to their mansion as he might have gone to a club where he had been trained to think it was his interest to attend. Every allusion to them is in the strain of the following quotation :

"From the hospitalities of the great world, even when kindly affected to me, good Lord deliver us."

We are not defending Carlyle from any charges of ill-temper, want of consideration, or want of self-control. It would be impossible to speak of him in harder terms than he wrote of himself, not only in the last sad years when this post-mortem revelation of his wife's tortured mind (even if self-tortured) plunged him in gulfs of remorse, but long before, when even as early as 1837 he wrote :

"I trace in myself such a devilish disposition on many sides, such abysses of self-conceit, disgust, and insatiability, I think many times it were better and safer I were kept always sunk, pinched in the ice of poverty and obscurity, till death quietly received me and I were at rest."

He tried to think that some of this misery lay in the incompatibility of his position and his means, saying :

"Consider the utter discrepancy that lies in these two facts : a man becoming notable as a light, or rushlight, of his generation, and possessed of resources to serve him two or three months, without an outlook beyond."

And yet, after all, what did the discrepancy amount to? He had set up his ideal and mapped out his course, and then somehow became not quite prepared to give the price! A man must not expect people to pay him well for telling them unpleasant truths which they have no wish to heed. There were times when Carlyle seemed to desire to be at once a hero, a prophet, and a ready-

money maker. At other times he was wiser, and recorded :

"It often strikes me as a question whether there ought to be any such thing as a literary man at all."

The want of work was often far more truly "against" him, mind and body, than the want of mere money. But again, he who desires to say nothing but the plain truth, may expect to sit in silence for intervals, uninvited to speak. It behoves him to find himself some harmless and profitable occupation unconnected with his convictions. After his marriage we note that Carlyle refused sundry ways of remunerative employment which were offered him, and which it really seems to us would have wounded his true dignity far less than his own quest for a "Professorship of Astronomy," for which he seems to have had no special aptitude or training. Carlyle said he thought he should like manual work better than teaching—he had wished to try farming, but his wife had discouraged it. Indeed, all his life long he seems to have been dumbly groping after the truth which Tolstoy has brought to light—that the teacher must not be the less a worker; that it is not enough for any man only to *say* even the best—nay, that the best "saying" is well-nigh impossible by itself. Carlyle's grave record of his satisfaction when he had mopped out "the back area" at once indicates where his cure lay and *how seldom he tried it*.

It would have been well with him could he have always borne in practical memory his own words :

"It is not nature that made men unhappy, but their own despicable perversities. . . . Have they not food and raiment fit for all the wants of the body; and wives and children, and brothers and parents, and holiest duties for the wants of the soul? What ails them, then, the ninnies? Their vanity, their despicable, very despicable, self-conceit, conjoined with, or rather grounded on, their lowness of mind. They want to be happy, and by *happiness* they mean *pleasure*—a series of passive enjoyments."

It seems as if Carlyle borrowed part of his virulence of contemptuous epithet from his wife—we see it in her letters at a very early stage; and one epithet which became a great favourite of his, "that dud," we can distinctly trace to her, when on the first occasion he uses it he writes of an acquaintance as

"an innocent kind of body, but not undeserving the name our little lady here used to give him, 'that dud.'"

It must be always remembered that whatever may have been Carlyle's household inconsideration or bearishness or impatience, every letter which he wrote to his wife through all their married life was full of appreciation, of deepest pathetic tenderness. Words, words, some may say. But there is a sense in which words, and especially written words, are deeds. Those long, unfailling letters show considerable unselfishness on the part of one who when he was unchained from his desk might well have pleaded that he did not care to take up pen. And in those letters, too, he generally tried to take the best view of things, and to present pleasant, hopeful prospects to the mind of the

absent wife. It seems such a pity that this chosen wife of a man of genius—herself with so much scintillating brightness—should have seen fit to hold up the domestic life to the world as a vulgar drudgery, unworthy of "delicate and sensitive ladyhood," thus traversing her husband's exhortation :

"I tell her many times there is much for her to do if she were trained to it: her whole sex to deliver from the bondage of frivolity, dollhood, and imbecility, into the freedom of valour and womanhood."

An amusing instance of the different appreciation given by Carlyle according as the standpoint was personal or not, is brought to light in the "Letters and Memorials of Jane Welsh Carlyle, prepared for publication by Thomas Carlyle, and edited by J. A. Froude." On page 202 in vol. I Mrs. Carlyle tells of some young workman singing in the house, whose song, "after a brief attempt to render itself 'predominant,' dies away into 'unintelligible whinner.'" To this quotation Carlyle appends the note, "My father's account of a preceptor who lost his tune, desperately tried several others, and then died away into an unintelligible whinner." But on page 311 Mrs. Carlyle repeats the quotation of "an unintelligible whinner," and here Carlyle's note is "Some *fool's* speech to me, I forget whose?" The word "fool" came first and easiest to his lips where he did not remember "his own people" to be concerned, and thus it got applied to his own father, whose every word he regarded as a word of wisdom, and whose mental power he believed to equal that of Robert Burns!

One wonders sometimes, keenly as Mrs. Carlyle suffered from the results of her husband's wrung nerves, whether she fully estimated the real and terrible strain which was put upon them. His work had not the afflatus, the solemn joy, of literary creation. It was rather to gather up myriads of tangled threads and hold them in hand till he could weave them into something like harmonious and significant whole. Only those who have ever attempted such task, however feebly, can have the slightest idea of the bewilderment and irritation which impends over it.

On the other hand, one cannot refuse to see that Thomas Carlyle was one of those men who are absolutely unable to grasp that to some natures all the difference between bliss and agony may lie in a smile, an appreciative word, or a kind touch; above all, in the pervading sense of that watchful affection which knows when a strain is growing too tense for the heart that bears it (though it may seem little to another), and when the "last straw" is being added to a patiently borne load. We do not measure Mrs. Carlyle's suffering by her words. We know they were exaggerated about many things. Also, a pain that is recognised and named is seldom quite the worst pain. An American poetess wrote truly of many a silent heart :

"She died as many travellers have died,
Overtaken on an Alpine road by night,
Numbed and bewildered by the falling snow;
Striving, in spite of failing pulse and limbs
Which faltered and grew feeble at each step,
To toil up the icy steep, and bear,

Patient and faithful to the last, the load
Which in the sunny morn seemed light!

And yet
'Twas in the place they called her home she died,
And they who loved her with the all of love
Their wintry natures had to give, stood by
And wept some tears."

We feel sure, too, and we feel it through sentences of Mrs. Carlyle's own writing, that at the very worst she would still have declared, in the words of the same poetess:

"I see each failure he must make,
Each step he cannot but mistake;
And weeping for his soul's dear sake,
I set my faith with love's own seal,—
Token of all which he might be,
Token of all he is to me,
As God and my own heart reveal."

One wonders if under any circumstances these two could have beaten out life's music with fewer discords—whether, in another lot, she could have been a quieter, tenderer, less self-conscious woman, and he a more considerate and patient man. We are told that he did love his mother with gentle observance. But that was due mainly to her age and relationship, and indeed we know of it chiefly through his letters and his gifts, and in those matters, at least, neither did he fail his wife. It is significant that the brave old dame his mother, despite all her maternal loyalty, admitted that her son Thomas "was gey ill to live wi'." Such an admission from such a woman means a great deal and explains much.

In spite of all this, however, we incline to

think that neither Carlyle's own nature nor his home-life were half so gloomy or miserable as they are apt to look. These people had a habit of exaggeration. Carlyle candidly confessed, "I secretly desire to compensate for laxity of feeling by intenseness of describing." However bitterly Mrs. Carlyle might sometimes speak of marriage and drudgery, she could yet write to her husband himself, "How grateful I ought to be to you, dear, for having rescued me out of the young lady sphere! It is a thing that I cannot contemplate with the proper toleration." If each often felt the other "ill to hae," each was still "waur to want." If they worried each other when together, they were never happy apart. Through all, they often struck strangers as a singularly happy couple. One who knew Carlyle within the first year or two after his marriage has described him as the pleasantest and heartiest fellow in the world, and excellent company.

We have preferred to present certain considerations for our readers' reflection rather than to draw any conclusions of our own. And if any suggestion of ours may prove helpful against the cant about the supreme misery of any woman who marries a man of genius, or about the folly of having any ideals at all, since one is likely sometimes to lapse from them, or against any such other wet blankets wrapped about noble aspiration and endeavour, then we are well content.

Carlyle lived, loaded with honour and prosperity, to the age of eighty-five. He died in 1881. Even he owned, "I have been well loved by my contemporaries." He had survived his wife about sixteen years.

CURIOSITIES OF PAPER MONEY.

PAPER money has its dangers other than those enlarged upon by the political economist. A month or so ago a bank clerk at Vienna, counting bank-notes, moistened his finger and thumb to feather them up with more ease; next morning his lips and tongue were hot and swollen, and three days afterwards he died, killed by a bacillus that had used bank paper as a temporary dwelling-place. The event is not likely to injure the note circulation—have not children been sore from sucking halfpennies?—but it has given a ray of hope to that small band of projectors who, like Sir Henry Bessemer, would have a token coinage of some cheap metal such as nickel or aluminium.

Who issued the first bank-note is not very clear. The Chinese, of course, put in a claim; but then they claim everything, being in truth as all-embracing as the greywacke of the old geologists; and in this matter the Chinese banks of a thousand years

ago are but young beginners compared with the fine old firm of Egibi & Son, who established a miscellaneous financial business in Babylon about 650 B.C., and whose notes, if they can be called so, were inscribed on similar clay tablets to those which have revealed the fact of the firm's existence.

As it is probable, however, that memoranda of promises to pay on demand had found their way into the world long prior to the establishment of the banking-house in Babylon, it may be as well to restrict our survey to notes on paper only. And so far as that goes the Chinese appear to hold the record. The old Greeks—did not Xenophon project the first co-operative bank?—had their bankers, who were sufficiently enterprising to pay interest on deposits and issue letters of credit, and the Romans improved on their example by inventing cheques; but neither used notes, or paper money in the ordinary acceptance of the term. Notwith-

standing all that has been said in favour of other claimants for priority, the first real bank, according to Sir John Lubbock, was the Bank of Barcelona, founded in 1401; and the Bank of Stockholm,

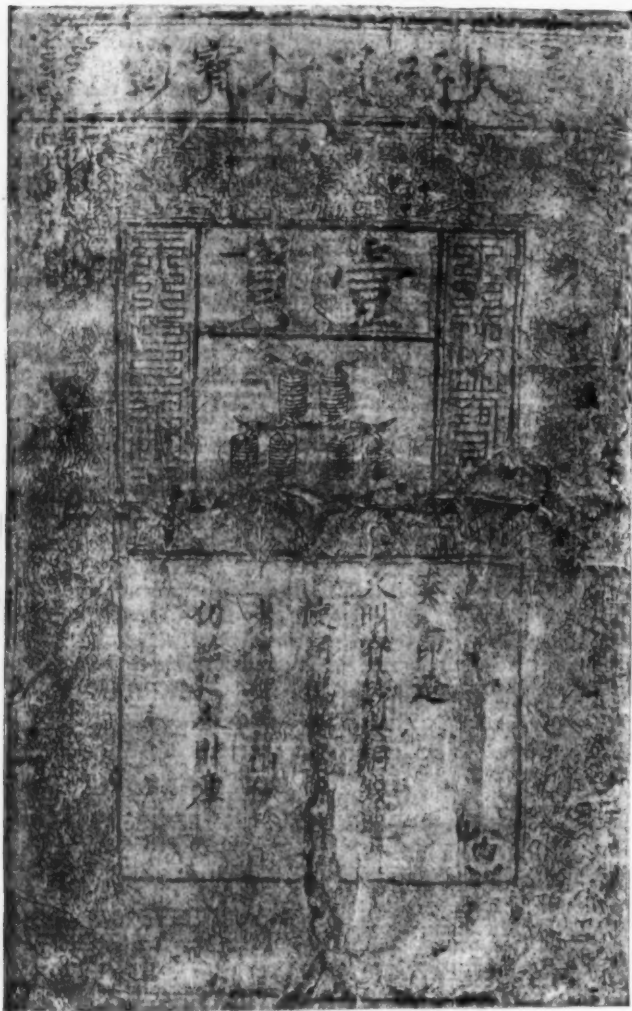
often paid in instalments; and about a hundred and sixty years ago the National Bank of Scotland issued what are known as "optional notes," being notes for £5 payable on demand, or for £5 2s. 6d.

if paid six months after being presented for payment. The same idea has been borrowed by needy Governments; the Confederate States, for instance, issued its bonds, payable, with interest from the date of issue, six months (as in the hundred-dollar note here reproduced), or even two years, after the ratification of the treaty of peace between the Confederate States and the United States.

Nor need notes be of large amounts. Some of the old Scottish notes, mostly issued in the Perth neighbourhood, were for a shilling scots, that is, one penny sterling; many were for a pound scots, that is, a shilling sterling; and among other curiosities there are some "Pay bearer on demand, in money or drink, two shillings and sixpence sterling," many of these being endorsed with receipts in part, such as "For a mug of ale on account, two shillings scots" (value twopence). These "midget notes" are not however the lowest depth of paper money. Towards the close of the great American War postage-stamps were so largely used for payments that a "Postage Currency" was issued, "receivable for postage-stamps," so that the receiver of one of these things had to exchange it for stamps to be used or distributed by him, no coin passing at all, the Government working out its debt by means of its Post Office carrying so many letters for nothing. This adoption of what was practically a "labour note" currency is not likely to be lost sight of in the future.

A stock of paper money is one of the essential articles of the outfit of a modern invader or revolutionist. The most remarkable instance of a currency of this sort was perhaps the notes prepared by Kossuth in 1861. Thousands of these for one, two, and five florins were, it will be remembered, printed at Day's in Gate Street, Lincoln's

Inn, their "whole nominal value guaranteed by the State in the name of the nation"; and in an action at law brought by the Emperor of Austria, the printers were charged with making war on the Austrian Empire, and the notes in waggon-loads were ordered off to the Bank of England to be destroyed. A few escaped the flames, and here is a reproduction of one of them signed by Kossuth, which has been in the writer's possession for many years: "This monetary note will be received in every Hungarian State and public pay office as one florin in silver, three zwanzigers being one florin." The forgery of the paper money of the hostile nation is not unknown in modern warfare. During the war with France at the beginning of this century the French took to



THE EARLIEST BANK-NOTE KNOWN.

founded in 1668, was the first bank in Europe to issue what are undoubtedly bank-notes. But herewith we give an illustration of what is said to be the earliest specimen of a bank-note known to exist in any country. It is in the British Museum, and is a very faded impression on dirty blue paper, and not much more distinct than in the reproduction. It is about the size of one of these pages, and was issued during the reign of the Emperor Hung-Wu, which lasted from 1368 to 1399, and who was consequently a contemporary of our Richard II.

Bank-notes need not necessarily be of fixed amounts, although they are usually so in these days. The first Bank of England notes were of all sorts of amounts, including shillings and pence, and were

forging Bank of England notes, and there is an order to that effect in Bonaparte's despatches. In those days forgery was more frequent than now. During the first ten years of the century forged notes to the value of a hundred thousand pounds were detected on presentation. It is impossible for a forgery to remain undetected except in the rare instances of the note of the same number being lost, when the bank is no poorer by payment; for a separate account is kept for every note issued, which is balanced by the note's return, so that a duplicate can find no place, nor can an unissued number.

Some of the old forgeries were rather clever, and the Bank did not always come off best with regard to them. In 1819 an engraver named Ransom paid away to a certain Michener a note which the Bank detained as a forgery. Michener claimed payment from Ransom, who declined unless the note was returned. Eventually Michener summoned him, and one of the Bank inspectors was called in court to produce the note. Ransom asked to look at it, and put it in his pocket, refusing to hand it over again, and paying the money instead. Hereupon the Bank prosecuted Ransom for knowingly having a forged note, and had him committed to prison. Ransom slipped out on bail, and brought an action against the Bank inspector for false imprisonment, asserting that the note was genuine, and as there was no one present from the Bank to disprove the statement he got a hundred pounds damages. The lesson was not lost on the Bank, and since then all counterfeit notes are brought into court, stamped "forged."

In these days of photographic processes the only real security of the Bank is in the paper; for though a forgery is sure of detection it may be detected too late. The Bank is much stricter than it used to be with regard to the reproduction of any part of its notes. It has even been held illegal to use in a large advertisement on a hoarding the same sort of white letters on a black ground which give the value of the note; and, going to the other extreme, the small notes that were used for microscope slides have all been stopped, as have all the Bank of Elegance and similar imitations of which we used to hear so much in confidence tricks and other devices of rascality. The signature is, as is well known, a special one, used once and never again, for the signer is prohibited by Act of Parliament from signing the notes with his usual signature, or even using for other purposes the signature that appears on the note. Some of the cashiers have had long lives: Abraham Newland, whose signature appears on the first £10 notes—which were issued in 1759—signed the notes for over fifty years. He was the Newland of Newland's Corner over Chilworth, and the hero of young Dibdin's song:

"There ne'er was a name so handied by fame
Thro' air, thro' ocean, and thro' land,

As one that is wrote upon every bank-note—

And you all must know Abraham Newland.

Oh, Abraham Newland,

Notified Abraham Newland,

I've heard people say, 'Sham Abraham you may,

But you mustn't sham Abraham Newland!'"

There is more in the statement that the Bank's only protection is in its paper than appears at first sight. There are such things as pitfalls even for



photographers. A large amount of note printing for foreign Governments is done in this country, and not long ago Waterlow's produced a note for one State in which, by the judicious use of salts of iron and other chemicals, the word "counterfeit," invisible to the human eye, appeared right across every photographic reproduction of it. Colour is no check—"colour-blind plates" have settled that—but white paper can always be prepared so as to give that little too little or little too much which will nonplus the forger.

The paper used by the Bank of England comes from a Hampshire mill, and 14,000 reams of it are used in a year. It is of remarkable strength, for although a note weighs only $18\frac{1}{2}$ grains, it will support half a hundredweight. Each sheet of paper furnishes two notes, thus accounting for the

not only prints its notes, but its dividend warrants and the dividend warrants of all the "inscribed" stocks of which it has the management, besides the Indian rupee notes, and all the Postal Orders, which increase so amazingly. Look at the first Postal Order you get, and in front of the number you will see a small capital letter with a number in small type below it. That number shows how many millions have been printed of that particular value, and by that number you can tell the popularity of the different values. Five-shilling ones run high, so do pounds, and every now and then some particular value gives a spurt as in the days of the Word competitions, when the run on shillings nearly cleared out the Post Office.

When Postal Orders first came in, the Bank delivered its first lot complete on the top of a



KOSSUTH'S NOTE OF 1861.

one straight edge, the three "deckled" edges being the natural boundary of the pulp. The size of the sheet is 5 inches by $16\frac{1}{2}$, and every right-hand note can be identified by the top right-hand corner being cut off a little, so as to aid in identifying the paper before it is printed on, the right-hand notes of superior values having a notch in them, which varies in position with the value of the note. The water-mark—to imitate which means penal servitude—is produced by means of twisted wires in the ordinary way, but it has its peculiarities. Some thirty years or more ago thieves broke into the mills and stole some of the paper; but even then, though "the Bank's sheet-anchor" was gone, the forged notes printed on the paper were stopped at the counter, and the whole gang captured by the police.

The strong-room in which the Bank keeps its imprinted paper is a triangular well of many galleries, and contains a more varied stock in size and colour than might be supposed, for the Bank

four-wheeled cab, and the authorities thought they had seen the last of the new "fad," but the fad supplied a public want, and became the most popular of popular currencies. The Bank now prints these orders by the million; they are set eight down and numbered in such a way that when cut up in the guillotine each pile is in numerical order. The two colours in which they are printed are worked in the same machine, the blue first and then the black with the number. Bank-notes, though in black only, also have two printings when passing through the machine, while India paper takes a separate machine for each of its two colours.

It might be supposed that a bank-note is printed from a single electro, but as a matter of fact the forme is built up of several electros screwed on to a thick brass plate. The signature, for instance, is one electro, the value another, and so on, and a record is kept of all these separate parts. The secret of the good printing, for good printing it

undoubtedly is, lies in the overlays. There is no more careful work of the human hand than that displayed in these overlays, which look like so many layers of lace work. They are most elaborate perhaps in the rupee notes, in which every line of the engine turning has the paper cut away from it, as if the cutter were engraving wood, and of this paper lace work there are three or more thicknesses all pasted true on each other, shading off so as to modulate the pressure, in the same way as with the illustrations in a high-class magazine, but of course much more accurately, as the variation of a hair's breadth would leave a blur when it comes, for instance, to printing the pattern that runs through the letters of value. The overlays are a necessity, owing to paper with a watermark having an uneven surface and being difficult to print on.

There are nine kinds of Bank of England notes, all of them printed on thin, crisp, white paper. Scottish notes are printed on somewhat similar paper, but they are now always in two or three colours. Curiously enough, the United States Government also has its notes printed on paper made by a private firm, the pulp being a mixture of linen, cotton, and silk, the silk threads coming into prominence after passing through the printing machine. French notes are of paper that has hair in its pulp, the hairs coming out so strongly when photographed as to render any attempt at forgery on that line impossible. Some nations use coloured inks; the only ink we use is black—a wonderfully hard and dry preparation said to be made from naphtha smoke. Another peculiarity of our notes is that the engraving is simple and old-fashioned, while foreign notes are mostly elaborately and mechanically engraved by complicated machinery, the designs being difficult of imitation by hand, and the lathes and ruling engines being so costly as to be beyond the means of any probable imitator.

Over fifty thousand Bank of England notes are issued a day, their average value, say, £20, their average life five or six days. They come back from the bankers in parcels, each stating the number and value of the notes in it, and they are sorted first into values, then into dates and series marks, and then into numbers, any that are found counterfeit being debited to the bank that has paid them in. They are stamped by machine, and then defaced by punching out the letters of value and tearing out the signature—the discarded signatures being kept in sacks, and eventually burnt. The notes themselves are kept for five years. Last time the stock was taken it weighed over ninety tons, and represented an original value of over 1,750 millions. Notwithstanding these multitudes, any note can be found in a few minutes if the number and date series mark be known, the number without either date or series mark being practically useless, as many good people have found to their cost when they have appealed to the bank to stop a note lost or stolen or strayed in the post. After a lengthy stay in the vaults the

notes are burnt, about 400,000 of them at a time, in the bank furnace at dead of night, their ascending smoke passing through a shower of falling water, to be rendered as innocuous and inconspicuous as possible. The old ink used to leave their remains as a tiny blue clinker, the new leaves them as a little grey ash. It seems rather appalling to think of what was once fifteen thousand millions of paper money having vanished up the Bank chimney since the Queen ascended the throne. But paper money, like everything else in this world, is worthless when it has served its turn.

A damaged note is not always worthless; the Bank will pay if sufficient remains for identification, providing an indemnity is given; and such mutilated notes are not burnt, but preserved in view of eventualities. An Irishman buried some notes in his garden, forgot where they were, and did not find them until they were almost reduced to pulp: the Bank paid. A £50 note was burnt in the great Chicago fire, and all that remained was the cinder, on which the essentials were just traceable: the Bank paid. Another note was chewed into pieces by a child: the Bank paid. Neither does it matter how long a note is in circulation; there is one note preserved which was out for a hundred and eleven years and duly honoured on presentation.

The most remarkable thing about this note business is that, although it increases, the increase is comparatively slow; for some years now the amount of notes really in the hands of the public has not averaged over twenty-five millions, in addition to the twelve millions owned by the Scottish, Irish, and country banks. Notes generally are hindered in circulation, owing to the increased use of cheques; as has been well said "the cheque is the true economiser of metallic currency," for by it the solvency of the private individual is put to the test at once, and the solvency of the private individual is the bed-rock of banking. Bank-notes, however, are far safer than cheques; those of the Bank of England are never likely to be sent back, for the Government would issue bonds in the case of a panic; and those of the country banks are the safest things they issue, inasmuch as limited liability does not apply to them, and the note-holders take priority of the general creditors.

No English bank can issue notes for less than five pounds. The Irish and Scottish banks cannot go below one pound. The Bank of England never re-issues a note; most of the other banks send them out again and again until they are too shabby to pass muster. It is this system of re-issue which has made the one-pound note, so popular across the Tweed, compare so unfavourably with the gold sovereign. As the one-pound note costs but a penny to produce, it certainly seems a pity to spoil its reputation by letting it get so dirty and greasy as to resemble the Continental currencies, and bring it within range of editorial comment in the medical press.

W. J. GORDON.

PROTECTION AND DISPERSION IN PLANTS.

BY JOHN R. JACKSON, A.L.S., ETC., KEEPER OF THE MUSEUMS, ROYAL GARDENS, KEW.

TO Mr. Darwin and Sir Joseph Hooker we are indebted for much of the knowledge we now possess on the subject of what are popularly known as carnivorous plants—namely, those plants which, though belonging to very distinct natural orders, have a similar habit and power of catching small insects and digesting the juices of their bodies for their own sustenance.

This class of plants has for some time past attracted a considerable amount of general interest, and has been the cause of much inquiry into other phenomena of plant life, of which there are numerous branches equally interesting, but the facts in connection with which have not been brought together and elucidated so clearly as those to which we have already alluded.

It is true that such subjects as the motion, means of dispersal, protection, and similar matters now form part of the studies of those who take up the consideration of botanical science; but the plants about which this kind of interest is centred are so diverse in character and so widely distributed geographically, besides which there are so many that have never been satisfactorily illustrated, that a few words on their peculiarities, aided by the excellent drawings of Mr. Allen, will no doubt be of some interest to the readers of the "Leisure Hour."

It will be seen from the details we shall give of the habit of each individual plant that, though attained in a variety of ways, the one great aim in nature is the perpetuation of its species, which is secured in some instances by a mimicry of other plants, which protects it from destruction; or by security of the seed within the strong walls of its protecting fruit; or, again, by means of feathery or broadly expanded wings, by which the seeds are often carried for considerable distances until they alight on a congenial soil in which to start in life on their own account; or, again, by the presence of external barbs or hooks, by which means the fruit or seed often attaches itself to some passing object, or to the fleece of sheep or other animals, and is so preserved from destruction.

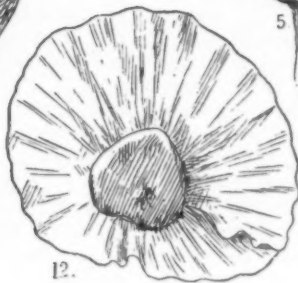
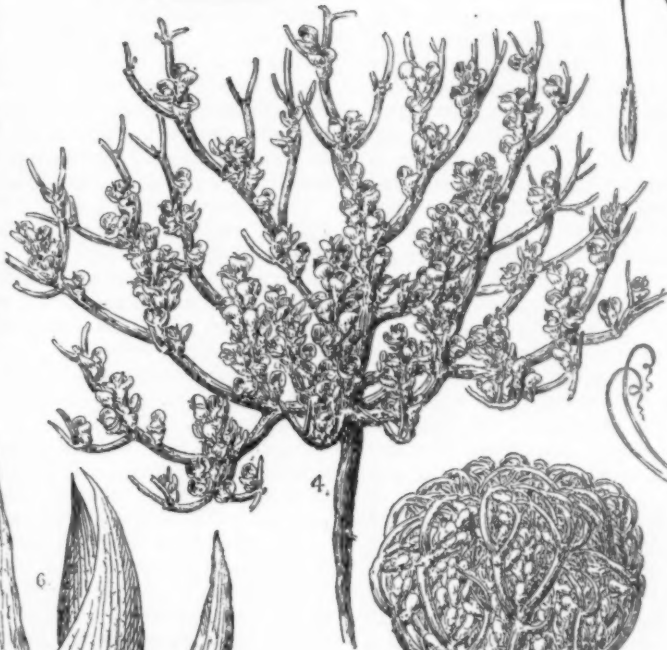
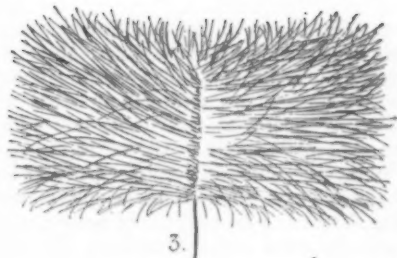
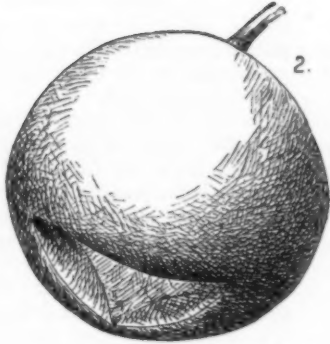
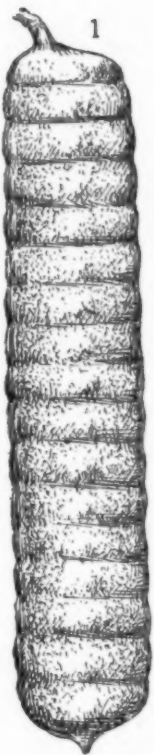
One of the best known examples of protection from the external influences of wind and weather is the well-known cocoanut (*Cocos nucifera*). This palm is a native of the shores of tropical seas, so that when its fruits ripen they are often carried by ocean currents to distant shores, where they are left by the tide, and, after a lapse of sufficient time to enable them to germinate, they become rooted in their new home, forming fresh plants to take the place of those which are worn out by age or that have been blown down by storms or destroyed by other causes. In a fruit that is exposed to the action of sea-water for any length of time, or that is

buffeted and tossed about by the waves, it is apparent that if vitality is to be maintained in the germ or embryo some special protection is necessary, and this we find is provided for by nature, first, in the thick fibrous husk or coating which forms the outside covering of the whole fruit, and which in itself is impervious to moisture; and next in the hard, bony shell, which effectually protects the germ inside, and the kernel upon which the germ feeds, until it has established its roots in a suitable soil and climate. Besides this wonderful system of protection which Providence has so abundantly supplied to the cocoanut, the triangular shape or form of the husk is so arranged that one of the sharp ridges makes an excellent keel, thus enabling it to travel through the water more easily and rapidly than it otherwise would do.

Another familiar example of protection and security of germination is to be found in the two species of mangrove (*Rhizophora Mangle* and *R. mucronata*). These trees, as it is well known, are natives of muddy swamps on the seashore in the tropics or in estuaries under tidal influence. Their peculiarities are, first, on account of their roots, which branch in all directions, stretching out far and wide, and forming a dense tangled network of stout woody meshes, so that at low tides they are quite exposed to view, and people can even walk amongst them. The other peculiarity is in the fact of the seeds actually germinating before they leave the parent tree, and this is effected in the following manner. When the fruits are fully grown they are from about one and a-half inch to two inches long, and somewhat of an inverted-pear shape, the thickest end being attached to the branch, and while so attached germination of the seed within the fruit takes place, by sending down from the narrow point a straight rod-like or stick-like root, which sometimes grows to a length of two feet before it separates from the branch; by this time it is about as thick as the finger, and sharply pointed at the lowest end. It is also studded at this point with small protuberances. As this rod-like root falls from the tree, it partially buries itself in the mud, and from the small protuberances rootlets are given off, and a young tree starts into existence.

Such, then, are two familiar examples of the protective care exercised by nature in guarding the germs from any outward adverse influences until such times as the plants are able to take care of themselves. There are many similar instances among plants equally well known in different parts of the world, but on account of their being well known the facts connected with their life history are seldom thought about.

Our illustrations are selected mostly from plants



that are less popular, and in describing them we shall classify them, as far as possible, in groups, according to their habits of protection, diffusion, or otherwise, and not according to their botanical affinities.

In the first group will be found those plants that possess hygroscopic properties—namely, the power of contracting in drought and expanding in moisture, and by this means protecting their seeds till they alight on a moist and favourable soil. The best known example of this is shown in figs. 4 and 5. This plant is commonly known as the Rose of Jericho, and sometimes as the Resurrection Plant. It is the *Anastatica hierochutica* of botanists, belonging to the natural order Cruciferae, and is closely allied to the horseradish of our gardens. It is a native of the dry waste lands of Northern Africa and Palestine and the sandy deserts of Arabia. The low bushy habit of the plant, seldom exceeding four or five inches high when fully expanded, is well shown at fig. 4, where it is represented after the flowering period, when the leaves have fallen off, but while the plant is still under the influence of moisture. In drought it easily becomes uprooted, the branches curl inwards, as shown in fig. 5, forming an irregular ball, so that it is rolled about and easily carried by the wind for considerable distances. Upon drifting into a pool or stream the plant opens and the branches again expand, the small fruits burst, and the seeds are distributed in situations where they germinate and produce young plants. The dried plants are often seen in collections of curios, and retain their hygroscopic character for many years, expanding when placed in water and closing again when dry. In consequence of this peculiarity the plant has received its common names, and tradition states that it originally opened on the birthday of our Lord.

Another plant which is sometimes also called Rose of Jericho is the *Mesembryanthemum tripolium*, a low growing plant of the Cape of Good Hope, the fruits of which, in their dried and closed state (fig. 33), are about three-quarters of an inch in diameter, and have somewhat the appearance of a button; if placed in water for about ten minutes they open in a beautiful rosette form (fig. 34), the centre being of a deep crimson colour. Thunberg, who visited the Cape in 1774, describes the plant in the following quaint manner: "When it is put into water it gradually opens all its seed-vessels and exactly resembles a sun, and when it becomes dry again it contracts itself and closes by degrees. This is no less a necessary than singular property, which points out the admirable institution of an all-wise Creator; inasmuch as this plant, which is found in the most arid plains, keeps its seeds fast locked up in time of drought, but when the rainy season comes, and the seeds can grow, it opens its receptacles and lets fall the seeds in order that they may be dispersed abroad."

A more common system of dispersal is that which is secured by winged fruits and seeds, such, for instance, as we find in the maples and sycamore, where the winged fruits are mostly in pairs, but

sometimes in threes, as shown in the maple (*Acer campestre*) (fig. 48). Each of these capsules or fruits contains a single seed, and as they ripen they often separate at the base and so form a single wing; but whether separated or united they travel by the aid of the wind for some distance from the parent tree, finally falling to the ground, where they germinate in the following season, forming crops of seedling maples.

In the natural order Leguminosae a large number, and some of the most remarkable, of these winged fruits are found. The largest and most striking is the pod of *Centrolobium robustum* (fig. 46). This is often six or seven inches long and three or four inches wide, and has some resemblance to a single fruit of the maple. The lower or seed-bearing portion is globular, covered with long, stiff prickles, evidently as a defence for the seed inside. The upper or winged portion is of a thin woody nature, defended on the back ridge with a stout sharp spine. Armed as this pod is it would be protected for a long time from destruction, and the strong woody character of the wing would carry it through many vicissitudes of wind or rain or other opposing elements. This is all the more necessary as the tree which bears this pod is a large hardwood one growing in the dense forests of Brazil.

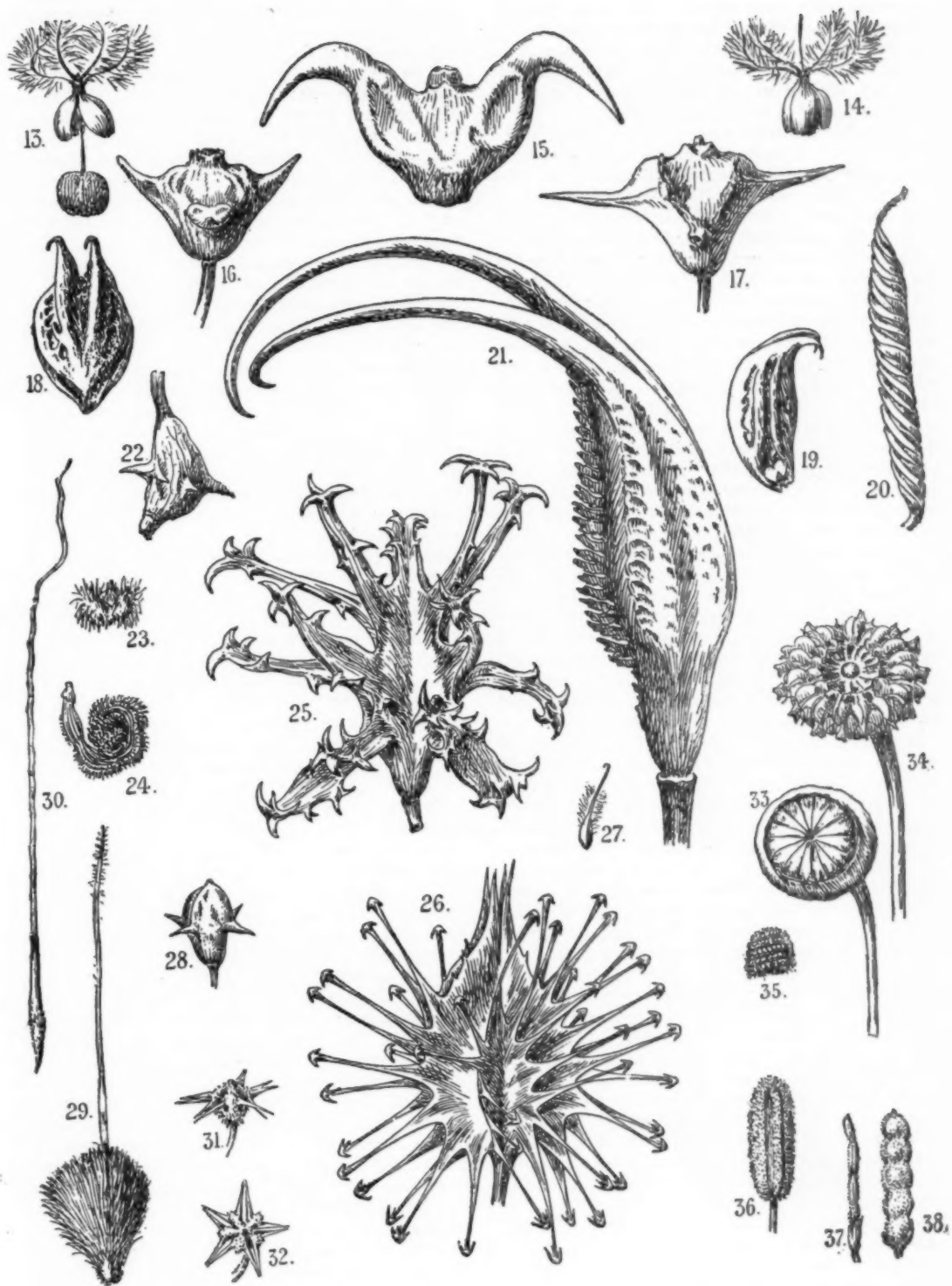
Another example of a winged legume is shown at fig. 40, which is the pod of *Platypodium elegans*, also a Brazilian tree. The pod, however, is different from that last described, inasmuch as the stalk is at the thin end of the wing and the seed-bearing part at the extremity, exactly the reverse of that in *Centrolobium*.

The same arrangement is seen in fig. 55, which is a pod of an allied South American genus—*Platymiscium*. The venation or veining of the wing in this pod is different from those already referred to, imparting as it does a leaf-like appearance, besides which the pod has along its suture and down the back a very prominent vein.

Closely allied to this plant is *Pterocarpus erinaceus*, a large tree of west tropical Africa, the wood of which is hard, of a deep red colour, and known as African Rosewood. It yields a brittle resinoid astringent substance known as African Kino. The pods, as shown at fig. 50, are flat, nearly round, usually thick and hard in the middle or seed-bearing part, and covered here with short spines, while the rest is attenuated into a thin membranous wing, with spines distributed more or less over the whole surface. The wing, of course, assists the dispersal of the pod, while the spines protect it from destruction, and these spines are thicker and stronger, as they are in other plants, just around the seed, where the greatest amount of protection is needed.

Another closely allied plant is *Machierium firmum*, the winged fruit of which is represented at fig. 51. It is a large Brazilian tree, and is supposed to be one of the trees which furnish Brazilian Rosewood.

Perhaps one of the most peculiar of winged fruits is that of *Paliurus aculeatus*, commonly known as Christ's Thorn, in consequence of its being supposed by some to have been the plant of which the Crown of Thorns placed upon the head of the Saviour before His crucifixion was formed. It is a shrubby plant, native of Southern Europe



and Western Asia. It has flexible branches, which could be easily twisted or plaited, and the leaves are armed with stout spines. The fruit is hemispherical, three-celled at the base, and expanded at the top into a broad thin line, the entire fruit giving the idea of a head crowned with a broad-brimmed hat. Figs. 41 and 42 show the under and upper sides of these singular fruits.

Under the barbarous name of "Boa-tam-paijang" a species of *Sterculia* (*Sterculia scaphigera*) produces clusters of remarkable follicular fruits of a papery texture, with parallel nerves running from base to apex. These follicles burst at an early stage of the ripening of the seed which they contain, forming a boat-shaped wing-like appendage, at the base of which the seed is seated. They not only form a protection to the seed when growing, but would no doubt assist their transport should they fall into any current of water. The boat-shaped follicles are well shown in fig. 6, and a seed about half natural size at fig. 7. A remarkable character in connection with the seeds themselves is that when placed in water they swell to an enormous size, forming a gelatinous mass, which is sweetened and eaten like jelly by the people in Siam and China where the plant grows. It is recorded by Sir R. Schomburgk that in localities where the trees abound by the roadside their fruit sometimes drops to the ground in such quantities that if rain ensues such a mass of glutinous jelly is formed as to render the passage of the road on foot or horseback a matter of difficulty. The fruit of an allied species (*Sterculia campanulata*), a large tree of Pegu, Java, and other Eastern countries, is shown at fig. 8. It will be seen that the inflated covering of the seed in this species is more hooded and not boat-shaped as in *S. scaphigera*.

A remarkable shuttlecock-like fruit is shown at fig. 52. As will be seen, it has four leaf-like wings at the apex of the fruit, so that in descending from the tree its progress is gradual and spiral like a miniature shuttlecock. It is the fruit of a Japanese tree, a species of *Buckleya*, and is closely allied to the Indian sandalwood. The nearest approach to this fruit in form are those belonging to *Dipterocarpus* and *Lophira*, where, however, two wings only are developed beyond the fruit, and these sometimes to the length of five or six inches.

Turning now from winged fruits to winged seeds, we often find a good deal of similarity in shape or even in size. Thus, to compare figs. 44 and 49 with fig. 51, there would appear to be a general resemblance; the last, as we have already seen, is a perfect leguminous fruit, while the two former are respectively seeds of the mahogany (*Swietenia Mahagoni*) and of a closely allied African plant (*Soymida rhopalifolia*). In both cases the fruits are woody and open naturally when ripe, setting free the seeds, which are carried, often long distances, by the wind, when perchance they alight upon a congenial soil and spring into new plants.

In many cases, however, the seeds are not crowned by the wing, as in the instances just mentioned, but are surrounded by it as in *Plumieria phagedanica* (fig. 43), a large number of which seeds are packed together in a long flat woody fruit. The plant

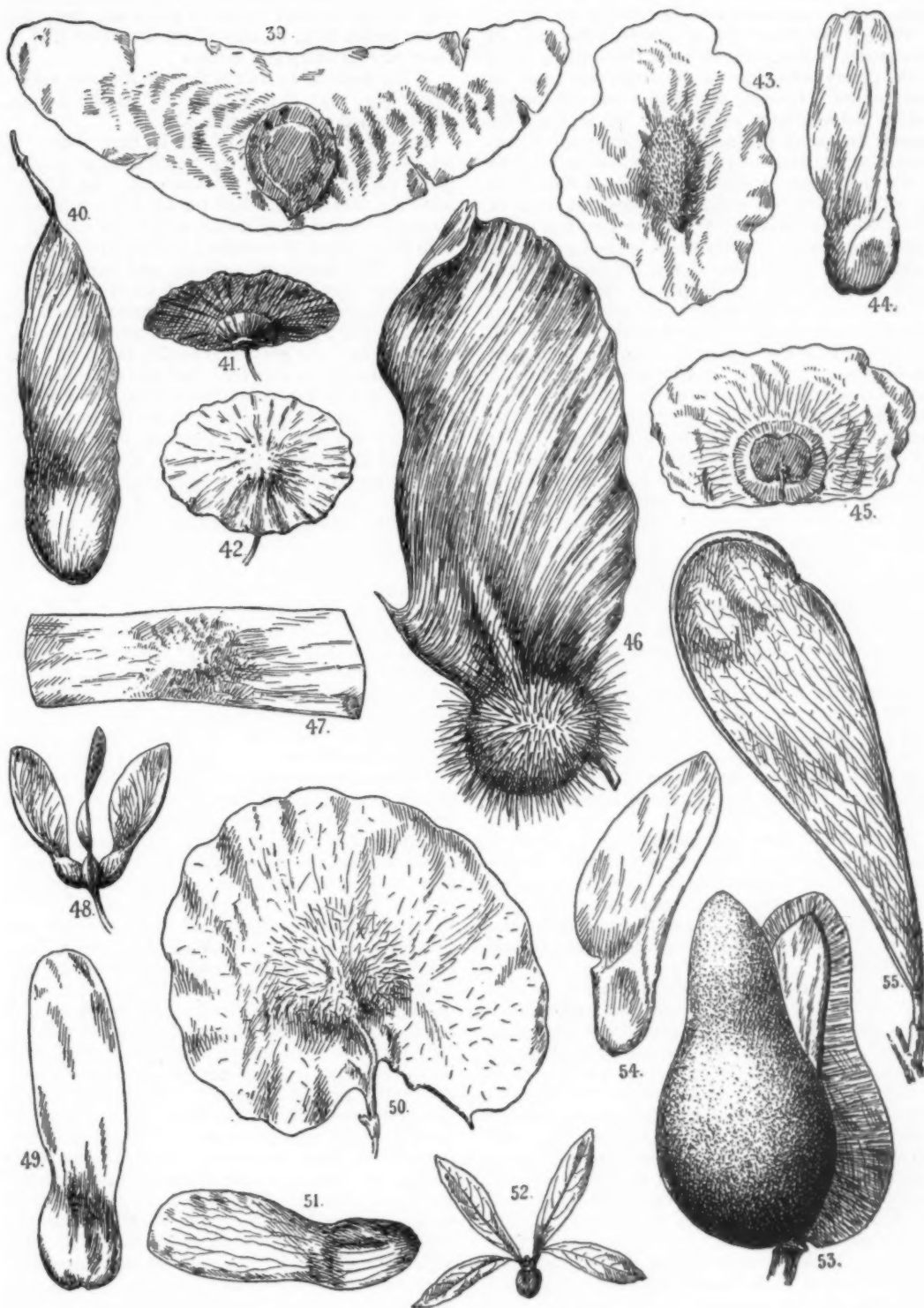
belongs to the periwinkle order, and has a close ally in the paddle-tree of British Guiana (*Aspidosperma excelsum*), a fruit of which, showing the seeds closely packed inside, is shown at fig. 11, and a separate seed at fig. 12.

The fruit opens naturally, as shown in the drawing, and the seeds then fall out. The same arrangement occurs in plants of widely distinct natural orders; thus at fig. 2 is shown a globular fruit, sometimes as large as a child's head, which is the produce of a slender growing plant of the cucumber family, native of Java (*Zanonia macrocarpa*). When ripe this fruit opens naturally by a triangular slit at the top, the three sides curling inwards, and so letting the very numerous seeds escape by falling out, as the fruit is pendant. A very thin, transparent membranous wing encircles the seeds (fig. 39), so that they travel before the wind for long distances.

In another natural order—Bignoniaceæ—nearly all the plants included in it are marked by flat woody fruits, which separate when ripe into two valves, setting the winged seeds free. The best known plant in the order for the size of the pods and for the beauty of these delicately winged seeds is *Oroxylum indicum*. It is an Indian tree, and the pods often measure two feet long by three or four inches broad. A seed is shown at fig. 45. The membranous wings of all these seeds form beautiful microscopic objects.

Another flat winged seed is shown at fig. 47, and the pod from which it was taken at fig. 1. These are the seed and pod of *Entada africana*, a much-branched leguminous tree of Sierra Leone, Senegambia, and Fernando Po. The pod is flat and papery, with from fifteen to twenty one-seeded divisions; in drying these divisions separate by their edges transversely throwing out the seeds, which appear almost like thin shavings of a light-coloured wood with the seed in the middle. In falling, the seeds revolve rapidly and form a spiral gyration.

Another form of seed capable of being carried long distances is that which is crowned on its summit with a feathery pappus, composed of numerous silky hairs, such as those shown in figs. 3, 9, 13, 14, and 29. The first is a seed of *Strophanthus Kombe*, a plant belonging to the periwinkle order (*Apocynæ*) and native of tropical Africa. The seed, which is the small oval-shaped base as shown in the drawing, is crowned with a long, stiff, thread-like appendage, the summit of which is again crowned with a mass of very fine white silky hairs known as the pappus. An immense number of these seeds, each with the pappus attached, but folded up close to the stalk-like appendage like a closed but inverted umbrella, are packed away in a cylindrical fruit, green when fresh and not unlike a small straight cucumber, but becoming brown, hard, and woody when ripe or matured, at which stage it bursts open by a long slit down one side, and the seeds being thus set free, the pappus hairs immediately expand, forming as it were a kind of shuttlecock. In this condition the seeds will travel before the wind for very long distances until the slender stalk becomes snapped. The actual seeds of this species, minus



the pappus, have of late years become a regular article of commerce in the English drug markets, being used in medicine for affections of the heart.

Though we have taken *Strophanthus* as an illustration of this form of seed, the seeds of most of the plants belonging to the order are more or less similar. Indeed, in several natural orders widely distinct from each other we find a silky pappus crowning the seeds, notably in the Compositæ, as illustrated by the dandelion, as well as in the Onagraceæ, of which the spines of *Epilobium* or willow herbs are good examples. A fruit of *Epilobium roseum* in the act of bursting and emitting its numerous feathery seeds is shown at fig. 9.

At figs. 13 and 14 are shown another and still more curious form of a pappus-crowned seed. These are the seeds, or the single-seeded fruits, of the Cape silver-tree (*Leucadendron argenteum*), the silvery leaves of which are now so much used for decorative purposes at Christmas time, as well as for book-markers. The seeds are buried in a globular cone-like fruit or receptacle, about the size of a large orange. A single seed is shown at fig. 13; but the peculiar feature in this seed is that the crown of pappus hairs is connected with a scale-like inflated cap, which works up and down, as it were on a pivot, carrying the pappus with it; when down the cap falls over the seed, as shown in fig. 14. This forms some slight protection to the seed when at rest, but when travelling through the air the cap, rising with the pappus to the top, causes it to become more balloon-like, so that instead of immediately dropping to the ground it is kept up for some time, and so assists its dispersal. This plant belongs to the Proteaceæ, as does also that shown at fig. 29, which is a seed of *Protea plumosum*. In this case the seed, or more properly the fruit, which is single-seeded, is covered with short stiff hairs, which not only protect it from external harm, but also assist it in its distribution.

We must now turn to the consideration of a few examples of fruits of more or less curious formation, the forms or shapes as well as the armature of which serve principally for protection, but also, at the same time, help their conveyance by the means they have of attaching themselves to any moving body.

Certainly the most singularly striking of this kind of fruit is to be found in the order Pedalinee, some illustrations of which will be found at figs. 18, 19, 21, 22, 25, 26, and 28. Figs. 18 and 19 are different views of the same fruit—namely, those of *Martynia diandra*. It will be observed that at the apex of the fruit are two hooks; these are very rigid and very sharp, so that they protect the fruit from destruction, and this, more particularly, as the whole fruit is very hard and woody, so that it cannot be devoured by animals which may be feeding upon the undergrowth in which the plants grow. On the contrary, they frequently hook themselves into the wool or even into the skin of such animals, and thus get carried from one place to another; further than this, they are often a great annoyance to travellers, as they become fixed to their clothing, from which they are removed with difficulty.

In the plains of South America a yet more formidable plant is found in *Proboscidea Jussieu* (fig. 21), the curved horns of which are often five or six inches long, besides which the whole fruit is covered with sharp stiff spines.

A less formidable fruit is that of *Rogeria adeno-phylla* (fig. 22); it is a close ally to the former, and is armed with stout spines.

The most diabolical of all is that shown at fig. 25, which is that of the South African grapple plant (*Harpagophytum procumbens*). As will be seen, the fruit is furnished on all sides with very strong branched sharp hooks, which get entangled with the clothing of travellers, causing great annoyance. The hooks are so sharp and curled in all directions that they readily lay hold of the fingers, even with careful handling, and penetrate the flesh. The plant is a prostrate herb, and growing as it is does among long grass it is readily taken into the jaws of animals as they feed, and who are described as roaring with the pain thus caused, from which they are utterly helpless to extricate themselves.

An allied plant, *Harpagophytum leptocarpum*, a native of Madagascar (fig. 26), has a fruit quite as difficult to get rid of when once it has become attached to the clothes or the flesh either of man or beast. The small hooks of this are as sharp as needles, and in form are identical with an ordinary grapnel. It is, therefore, easy to understand how such fruits get dispersed or transported to distances.

A similar form of protection is seen in *Pedali-um murex* (fig. 28), a branching annual plant of India, belonging to the same family; again, in *Tribulus terrestris* (figs. 31 and 32), also a low trailing Indian plant, belonging to the order Zygophylleæ. In times of scarcity these prickly fruits are ground into a powder and made into bread by the people.

Other illustrations of fruits that are both protected and dispersed by the aid of their prickly appendages are shown in *Cenchrus tribuloides*, a native grass of South America (fig. 23); *Scorpiurus vermiculata*, a leguminous plant found in cornfields in the Mediterranean region (fig. 24); *Medicago pentacycla*, also a leguminous plant of Southern Europe (fig. 35); *Hedysarum coronarium*, closely allied to the last, a native of Spain and Italy, in fields and meadows—the plant is commonly known in English gardens as French honeysuckle (figs. 37 and 38). *Geum urbanum*, a perennial herbaceous plant belonging to the rose family, and found on the borders of copses and hedgebanks in this country (fig. 27); *Pisonia aculeata*, a straggling shrub with thorny branches growing in Southern India, Ceylon, and other tropical countries. The strong hooked spines or thorns of the branches are described as causing much annoyance to travellers in consequence of their becoming entangled in their clothes or flesh, and the spines with which the fruits are clothed are covered with a glutinous substance, which causes them to adhere to the wings of birds to such an extent as to interfere with their power of flight, so that they are easily captured. This fruit is shown at fig. 36. A very singular fruit of the same character, but without the glutinous matter, is that of *Trapella sinensis* (fig. 10). It belongs to the same natural order as the grapple plants, and is a native of China. As

will be seen, the fruit is three-sided, each side terminated in a long horn, curved at the apex, alternating with three strong, sharp, straight spines.

At figs. 15, 16, and 17 are represented the fruits of three forms of *Trapa*—*Trapa bicornis*, *T. natans*, and *T. bispinosa*. These are generally known by the name of water-chestnuts, and, as the name would imply, are the produce of aquatic plants, the first a native of China, the second a European species, and the third an Indian. Each species has a hard woody shell armed with very strong spines; in the Chinese species these are curved downwards, and as the whole fruit is of a dull brown colour, it has a general resemblance to a bull's head. The woody covering protects the seed inside from decay, and the sharp spines prevent its destruction from various forms of attack. The kernels, which are white and nut-like, are eaten, and in India they form a very large and important article of food, being ground into a kind of flour, and used for making bread, puddings, etc.

The woody covering of fruits is often developed to an enormous thickness, forming an absolute protection to the seed inside, being quite impervious to water or to any atmospheric conditions to which the fruits may be exposed. Such, for instance, are the huge globular fruits of the Brazil nut, and the several species of monkey-pots of the Brazilian forests, which, at the proper time of ripeness, open naturally by a lid and disperse their seeds, the fruits themselves, after the exit of the

seeds, forming excellent water vessels. A woody fruit of this nature is shown at fig. 53; it is that of the so-called Australian pear (*Xylomelum pyriforme*). It belongs to the natural order Proteaceæ, and is confined to Australia. The fruit is the shape of an inverted pear, with the stalk at the widest end; when ripe it opens spontaneously by a lateral slit, setting free the winged seed (fig. 54), which has some similarity to the mahogany seed (fig. 44).

Another form of fruit in which nature has arranged for protection and dispersal is shown at figs. 20 and 30. The first is a spiral fruit of *Helicteres Isora*, an Indian tree of the Sterculiaceæ. The fruits are known in India as "Twisted Stick" or "Twisted Horn." From their screw-like form they work themselves readily into the wool of sheep and such-like animals, and thus get carried to distant places; the same may be said of *Stipa sparteæ* (fig. 30). This is the awn of a grass, a native of the Red River colony, where it causes an immense amount of inconvenience to sheep, entering the wool by its sharp point, and penetrating to the skin or even to the flesh by its screw-like movement, often, it is said, causing the death of the animals.

The plants cited in the foregoing remarks as illustrating the subject of dispersal and protection, though numerous, are indeed only a few typical examples of what might be brought forward on a matter which has a great amount of interest for an observer of Nature.



Blessed are Ye that Hunger Now.

WOE unto you that say,
 "My soul is full this day!
 Life hath no peak unsunn'd, no pool unbrimm'd;
 The thing my heart conceived, my hand express'd;
 I pour'd and pluck'd my Best.
 No gate stood barr'd, no tender glory dimm'd,
 No footpath wound astray.
 Life is a doublet fashion'd to my will
 Whose padded form I fill."

Stuff'd with coarse good and low,
 Woe to your fulness, woe!
 Break forth and cry, crave sore defeat and pain,
 Lest all the stagnant life do mortify,
 The ripe soul rot and lie.
 That which is perfect hath no goal to gain,
 But hastes to overthrow.
 One are ye with corruption and gross death
 That not awakeneth.

Bless'd are ye that say,
 "Hunger'd I go away!
 All music wails a want; eve's dream-flusht sky
 Stabs me with longing keen as new despair
 For sunsets otherwhere.
 No sovereign rose, no golden poesy
 Doth its own smart allay.
 Ever I stretch, in thought, in art, in speech,
 At what I cannot reach."

Ah, hunger sweet and stark!
 Lo, in each groping dark,
 Each baffled stroke, each dim and desolate cry,
 Each dew-bright face that dwelleth in a dream,
 Each thought of phantom gleam,
 Thy soul doth carve its immortality:—
 God plans no broken arc;
 His hands drop spheres, and past this bourn and bound
 Thy life shall globe its round.

FREDERICK LANGBRIDGE.

VILLAGE LIFE IN GERMANY.

IT is quite possible for the English traveller to spend several very pleasant months in Germany and to return home none the wiser as to the real life of the people of the country. In the large towns, as Berlin and Hamburg, Dresden and Heidelberg, English visitors are so numerous, and in the hotels and pensions their requirements are, as a rule, so well understood, that the tourist can pursue any route he may desire without more deviation from his usual mode of living than is sufficient to give him a pleasing sense of the change and exhilaration afforded by foreign travel.

Far otherwise is it in the remote country villages. The few foreigners who penetrate thither are, from their very strangeness, a source of interest to all the inhabitants round about, and they have an opportunity for studying the people as they really are, the habits and customs of the peasantry, and of that distinctly German race, the German middle class, which is denied to the more favoured traveller who pursues his comfortable way from hotel to hotel, or from pension to pension, in the great historic towns. Let us turn aside, then, for a little from the beaten track, and watch the country people at home in a remote little village of Lower Silesia.

Our village consists of a single wide road, flanked on either side by fair-sized houses of irregular shape, very plain, but for the most part roomy and well built. The custom of living in flats, so common in the towns, does not prevail here; every peasant has his own house, often roomy and convenient, but very sparsely furnished. Up this one street the writer drove on a brilliant evening in early June, and, alighting from her *droschki* at the *Pfarrhaus*, or parsonage, was received, with the kindly welcome so invariably accorded in Germany, as an inmate within its walls. The *Pfarrhaus* is the most pretentious of the village houses, and must claim, accordingly, precedence in description.

The English reader who would obtain a glimpse of the German country parsonage, must entirely divest his mind of any lingering expectation of finding it similar to an English rectory. We ascend a long flight of stone steps and enter the front hall. It is a large, bare space with boarded floor, devoid of furniture other than several large cupboards. The dining-room next claims our attention. It also is entirely uncarpeted, its main furniture consisting of a long, narrow table of ash-wood, very much of the kind that might be found in an English dairy, and scrubbed, like the boards, to surpassing whiteness. It is quite without cloth or ornament of any kind. On either side of it, ranged against the wall, are cane-bottomed chairs.

At the end of the room is a small table of mahogany, rather more ornamental, and adorned with the best tea-tray. The German *Esszimmer* is for use, not ornament.

The upper rooms of the *Pfarrhaus* all open one into the other, and two of these are the drawing-rooms. The drawing-room, or *Wohnzimmer*, is the one part of a German house which it is permissible to decorate, and upon it the Hausfrau lavishes her chief care and thought. Beneath our feet, as usual, are the bare boards, here, however, crossed obliquely by narrow strips of carpet, which run like footpaths to the chief pieces of furniture. One runs from the door to the sofa, which is the seat of honour *par excellence*, and which, when visitors are present, must be devoted to the greatest lady among them. Another strip of carpet runs from the sofa to the piano, and another, again, from the piano to one or more of the tables which stand about, covered with crimson cloths, or without covering, and polished to an excellent brightness.

But the most essential furniture of the drawing-room is not the tables or chairs, it is not the sofa nor even the piano, it is the handsome mahogany wardrobe. The other things may be cheap and common, but this is of the best; chairs and tables are profaned by daily use, but the wardrobe is to look at. The wardrobe, or wardrobes, are never permitted to waste their sweetness in the seclusion of a bedroom, offering their beauties to the gaze only of the favoured occupant of the room. No. They hold a prominent place in the drawing-room, and their rich stores are the glory and crown of the German Hausfrau. In these is her stock of household linen, in these are the family plate and the various gifts which relatives and god-parents, according to promise, give yearly to her children, the slowly accumulating piles which are in turn to form the dowry of her daughters. In the wardrobes lie folded the sheets which she hemmed when she was a little girl, and in one corner of which, between the day of her betrothal and the day of her marriage, she, with her mother and sisters, embroidered the large monograms of her own and her husband's name, or, if the family of her future spouse were noble, the monogram surmounted by a coronet. The household linen and plate of a daughter are considered of such importance that preparations for their provision begin with her christening. One aunt promises to give every year one spoon till a dozen and a half are completed; another promises forks, another prefers to give her present at once and sends a silver coffee-pot or milk-jug. Not that these are ever permitted to come into ordinary use. Steel

forks and nickel spoons are quite good enough for daily wear, and the German middle-class housewife would regard the use of silver at every meal much as the English lady would regard the wearing of a handsome silk train to go marketing. The great point is to possess these things, to let it be well known that the Frau Pastorin has good store of linen and damask and is rich in silver, to show them to intimate friends and tell their history to admiring maidens, emulous of similar treasure, but the occasions on which they are used may number half a dozen in a lifetime.

On the various side-tables of the *Wohnzimmer* are arranged all the ornaments of the family. These are probably not many, but such as they are they muster in full strength, for no ornament is wasted on the bedrooms.

A German household keeps very early hours. Breakfast is always served at 6.30. It is well described by its name, *Frühstück*, or early bit. It consists as a rule of coffee and of a *Semmel*, or white roll. Ah! The English traveller need live in the remoter parts of Germany and learn the secrets of its country life rightly to appreciate the blessing of white bread. It is only at the early breakfast and at the afternoon coffee or *Kaffeestunde* that the Hausfrau permits such a luxury; at dinner and supper, and at *Zwischenessen*, the light lunch served to him at about 10 A.M., he must eat *Schwarzbrot*, or black bread. This is not, as its name would imply, black, but of a brownish grey. It is usually very moist, and will keep in a fair degree of freshness for a fortnight. At first it is most unpalatable to English taste, but by degrees use makes it at least tolerable, and it is possible after a few weeks to eat it at any rate without disgust.

It is well for the English inmate of

Bride-cakes. a German household if there has not recently been a wedding among the friends and acquaintances of the hostess. If there has, the grateful sight of the *Semmel*, or white bread, is withheld, and its place is taken at breakfast by large pieces of *Brautkuchen*.

It is remarkable that the Germans, who are justly famous for their cakes, should manufacture such an exceedingly plain and unattractive article for their bride-cake. Being at first quite unconscious of the important nature of the strange confection served to us each morning at *Frühstück*, I thus wrote to a friend in England: "For breakfast we have a cup of coffee and a large square piece of a peculiar kind of sweet bread, spread with sweetened fat and baked." This, indeed, almost describes the *Brautkuchen*. It is a very plain cake, baked in flat tins measuring some 2 feet by 1 foot 6 inches, and when baked is about an inch in thickness. A compound of lard, butter, and sugar takes the place of our elaborate icing. These cakes are baked by scores before a wedding, it being etiquette to give a whole one to each family with whom the bride or her mother are on terms approaching to intimacy. One of these cakes being presented to a family, it forms for several mornings the standing dish at breakfast, and the dainty white rolls and delicious butter are conspicuous—ah! most conspicuous—by their absence.

German Fare. At 10 A.M., lest nature should sink before the first substantial meal makes its appearance at midday, the strength is reinforced by a *Schnittchen* or slice, composing the little *Zwischenessen*. This is a slice cut from the large loaf of black bread, or a sandwich composed of black bread and *Leberwurst*, or liver-sausage, one of the standing dishes of German country life, made from the liver of the hog, minced fine and mixed with fat chopped into half-inch cubicles, which give it a chequered appearance. A cup of cocoa accompanies the *Schnittchen*. Each member of the family enjoys these refreshments while engaged at his or her proper duties; the household does not assemble for an impromptu meal. This is an inestimable fact in the comfort of the wily foreigner, and I must confess to having made clandestine use of an opportunity which solitude offered on the day after my arrival at the *Pfarrhaus*. It so happened that I was sitting in the garden when this small lunch was brought to me on a tray by a diminutive maid. It was an old, rambling garden, and its winding paths were in many cases shielded completely from the view of the house. I took my cocoa from the tray, laid the *Schnittchen* in the saucer, thanked the little maiden, and began to walk slowly down a neighbouring path, presumably that I might enjoy the air and sunshine at the same time as the refreshments. I was soon screened from sight by the bushes, and began suspiciously to examine what might be the nature of that intermediate layer between the thin damp slices of black bread. When I saw whereof it was composed, I put down my cup on the stump of a tree, and with a stick I raked a little hole in the mould of the garden. Then, like Moses of old, I looked this way and that way, and saw that there was no man; so I drew out my penknife, and expeditiously consigned those lumps of solid fat to the small grave prepared for their reception.

It is only at first, however, that one can afford to be so dainty. By degrees one learns that food of some kind one must have, and that food in abundance is daily forthcoming, only one must learn to eat it without too much niceness. It is not that the quality is bad or the cooking other than excellent, that makes German dishes often so revolting to an English palate—it is rather that the German's taste in food differs radically from the Englishman's, and that the combinations which the one favours are such as the other abhors. Before I had been six months in my German home I had learnt to eat with perfect equanimity sour milk and bread-crumbs, raw herrings in oil, uncooked ham, and even Sauerkraut, but never during the time of my stay did I arrive at eating stewed pears with mutton or stewed plums with beef, or accepting raisin sauce as a suitable accompaniment to veal.

How to Cook
New Potatoes.

But, alas! to be forced to accept unpalatable food as a necessity is to find that the carnal appetite from long restraint asserts its desires with unwonted strength when there is a chance of their being for once indulged. One day after the long winter, when spring began once more to gladden the earth, and experience had made me believe

that I was thoroughly hardened to German country ways, I met a maid carrying into the house a basket of new potatoes. Oh, how I longed for those potatoes! They were to be cooked for the early dinner. I found the studies which I always carried on in my own room interrupted that morning by anticipations, quite unduly importunate, of what it would be to eat a plain, wholesome new potato. As the morning advanced a peculiar odour became apparent and spread upwards through the house. I paid little heed to it; I had quite given up trying to determine what mysteries might be going forward in the kitchen. When the dinner-bell rang, I felt positively ashamed of the eagerness with which I answered its summons. I took my place. Before me on the table stood one of the large bowls used in the *Pfarrhaus* as vegetable dishes, and in it, oh, horror! could those be the new potatoes? Their colour was ashen, they were covered all over with attenuated specks. Was it possible? They had been boiled in caraway seeds!

The Toilet. I have said that a German household assembles early. Let it not, however, be supposed that this would imply that its members have been astir an hour or so before their appearance, and that each has performed a careful toilet before breakfast. One of the most established customs of German home life is that the ladies never complete their toilet until all the domestic duties of the morning have been performed. The lady of the house appears in her *Morgenkleid*—i.e. in a loose wrapper or a skirt and jacket, drawn in at the waist by the strings of a capacious apron. Her hair has been smoothed in front, and is enveloped as to the back in a large frilled cap, having ends or strings which, if she is young, are allowed to float free; and if she is old, are tied under the chin.

The *Morgengebet*, or family prayer, was never omitted in our *Pfarrhaus*. Immediately after breakfast, often before seven o'clock, the household assembled in the *Wohnzimmer*, where the servants had arranged chairs in a semicircle. At one end sat the Herr Consistorialrath, for our pastor was a member of the Consistory, and beside him the Frau Rätin his wife, then the other members of the family, till at the other end came the two maid-servants. The little service consists usually of a hymn sung without accompaniment, during which all sit; next follows the reading of psalm or chapter from the beautiful version of the Scriptures by Luther, the Authorised Version of Germany, then follows the Lord's Prayer, which closes this simple morning worship.

Kitchen Duties. After family prayer the mistress betakes herself to the kitchen, and there remains for several hours, accompanied by one or more of her daughters if old enough to be released from the schoolroom. Her duties there are by no means ornamental. She does not merely superintend, she actually cooks, nor does she leave the kitchen until little more remains to be done in the preparation of dinner. A German lady would never be persuaded

that the jam-making could go on without her, that the pickling could be entrusted to a domestic, or that the whole batch of bread would not be spoiled if she did not look personally to every detail of its making.

If, as is usual in the country, the laundry work is done at home, the mistress is to be found keeping her workwomen up to the mark, and she with her daughters frequently takes a share of the ironing. If visitors are expected, all the ladies of the family are busy for days beforehand in culinary preparations, and the Germans excel both in the garnishing and design of their home-made dishes for state occasions.

This system results in one great good and in two distinct evils. The good is apparent. The mistress of a German household thoroughly understands the whole work of her house; she makes its smallest detail her personal care, and comfort, as in Germany understood, is ensured. But, on the other hand, the wife, from her constant absorption in household details, becomes little more than the head servant; even her husband, taught by immemorial custom, regards her more as his house-keeper than as his companion; and, with the one notable exception of music, she has, outside her housekeeping, little interest or occupation. As she must turn to something for relaxation, she turns to gossip. At a *Kaffeegesellschaft*, or coffee party, where German ladies (and ladies only, for men are rigorously excluded) meet and enjoy themselves after their manner, gossip flows free and scandal stalks unchecked. The knitting-needles gleam and click pleasantly, the stockings grow with astounding rapidity, the servants carry round again and again large trays bearing cups of fragrant coffee and plates piled high with dainty confectionery, but the conversation is of the most frivolous.

The second evil is that the servants, being never relied upon for anything, grow increasingly incompetent. What we should understand by "a superior servant" is almost unknown, and the maids are for the most part ill-suited to play any but their own very subordinate part in the comfort and economy of the house.

Hospitality. Hospitality is shown with ungrudging liberality all over Germany. At our distant *Pfarrhaus*, however unexpected or inopportune their arrival, it was always understood that visitors would spend the day. In the towns no less than in the villages every caller must be offered some sort of refreshment. Fruit or cake is generally offered to ladies, cigars and lager beer to men. But it is on Sunday that visitors are most numerous, and one of the most trying experiences that the English resident in Germany has to face is the complete secularisation week by week of God's holy day. The morning service is over early, and within an hour there arrive some three or four of our host's friends, accompanied by their wives. The ladies bring large parcels of embroidery or knitting, and work and chat go forward merrily till the midday meal is served; then more chat, and very probably card-playing until evening, when, after supper, the guests take their leave.



BY PERMISSION OF HENRY GRAVES AND CO.

THIS ONLY PAIR.

THOMAS FAIR, B.A.

Plucking the Geese. A great event at our Pfarrhaus was the periodical plucking of the geese, a practice which would not be permitted in England, but which is regarded as a natural part of the good management of a poultry-yard in Germany. On a given day near to the moulting season all other work was put aside, and the two maid-servants and two women hired for the purpose sat from morning till late afternoon carefully plucking the feathers and down which had become loosened preparatory to shedding. I expressed to the eldest daughter of the house my astonishment at such a custom, and she assured me that though the geese "did not like it," she thought that the pain inflicted was slight, while the Frau Râthin pointed out to me that but for this timely intervention the precious down would soon bestrew the poultry-yard, and be dirtied and injured, or altogether lost. As each great white or grey goose, loudly remonstrating against the indignities heaped upon it, was carried back to the yard, I am bound to confess that, although a fair proportion of its feathers remained, the appearance it presented was anything but happy. At the close of the plucking day feathers and down are tied up separately in large bags, and sent to a woman who makes feather-dressing her business. She bakes them, takes out the quills, and returns them soft and ready for use. They are then sold, or made into huge pillows, or into the *Federbetten* so generally used in Germany. The *Federbett* is not, as its name would imply, a feather bed, but a kind of quilt. It measures some six feet by four, and is simply a coarse linen bag half filled with the finest down and slipped into a cotton or linen case. It forms the whole covering of the bed in winter, and no one who has not slept in this nest of feathers can imagine its comfort.

Winter Days. As summer waned and winter drew on, great preparations were visible at our Pfarrhaus. English people have little idea of the severity of a German winter; ordinary clothing, sufficient to carry the wearer in comfort through the coldest weather in England, is of no use to face it; coats and jackets of thick cloth avail little; fur is the only adequate protection. Every cab-driver has his fur-lined coat and round fur cap. With us the careful Hausfrau is preparing thick stockings, gaiters, and under-sleeves for every member of her household, and by-and-by experience will prove her wisdom.

The autumn is bright and often glorious, and lasts well into October; but then the winter begins, and by the middle of November our village was mantled in snow. This early snow was soon followed by thaw; but by the beginning of December the cold was upon us indeed, and a frost set in which lasted with slight intermission until March. In the towns life goes on as ever, or more gaily than before. Sleighs take the place of wheeled vehicles, which for the time being totally disappear. The horses are for the most part gaily caparisoned; a bright saddle-cloth under the harness matches the frontal and rosettes, and on the crest is a tiny bell, while other bells in pairs adorn the pad. Skating and sleigh parties become

very general among the well-to-do, and men thrown out of their usual employment by the frost are able to earn a good deal as drivers.

But in our village we are practically in a state of siege: we are held by a conqueror whom we cannot hope to subdue; and our deliverer, spring, is yet far off. The ways and customs of the rest of the year all at once drop away. First, the *Botensfrau*, or village carrier—that beneficent link between us and civilisation—ceases her daily visits to the town four miles distant; and, simultaneously, the woman who brings us our white bread from the town bakery is unable to reach us, and thus the white rolls, chief alleviation of the rigours of a German diet, disappear from our table, and their place at breakfast and *Kaffee* is taken by slices of black bread and butter. The village butcher now strides up and down outside an empty shop, for this is no time for keeping meat. But at our Pfarrhaus forewarned has proved itself to be forearmed. The Frau Râthin knew that this weather was before us, and when autumn winds were only beginning to rob the trees of their leaves, she was laying her plans accordingly. Now that the expected conqueror has come, and we are straitly shut up, she has within her own walls the means of defying him for a long time. Come with me to that part of the house which we have not yet visited—the store-room. This is by no means the least comfortable apartment in the house. The two maid-servants slept, until winter drove them down, immediately under the tiles, in an unceiled garret in the roof, but not thus can the stores be housed. The maids can come down and make up impromptu beds in the kitchen, or in one of the lower rooms, when winter holds sway and their own garret is untenable, but on the condition of the provisions depends the welfare of the whole house, and a good room is therefore set apart for their storage.

In the middle of the store-room is a small oil stove, for the frost must be kept out. On a long deal table against the wall stand rows of jars, tins, and bottles; huge heaps of potatoes are on the floor, and near the ceiling, hanging from hooks on either side of a beam, are lines of large German sausages. These last are among the most important stores of a country house. They are made of cured pork and will keep as long as hams; each sausage is as good as a small joint, being about fourteen inches long and four inches in diameter. From this stock of provisions the table can be furnished for a considerable time. As a matter of fact, during the six most rigorous weeks of the winter we lived at the Pfarrhaus on potatoes, smoked pork and sausages, and black bread.

For two or three days after the first deep snow we are utterly cut off, even our letters do not reach us; but at last a path is dug, and our postman appears again—his advent hailed by at least one member of the household with gratitude and benediction. He is an old soldier, tough as nails despite his sixty winters, with blue kindly eyes gleaming under shaggy white eyebrows. He generally goes a daily tramp of twelve English miles, being walking postman to villages beyond ours. To us he is postman and post-office in one; he

can sell us stamps ; he not only brings the letters we receive, but takes those that we write, and if they are not ready by the time he arrives in the morning, well, they must wait till to-morrow. He is, moreover, the porter of any parcels that may be sent to us by rail, and when he brings a heavier one than usual we must give him two or three *Silbergroschen* for his trouble.

Most of the peasants in our village are well off ; but to the very poor winter comes armed with appalling terrors. Near the church is the poor-house, very different from an English Union, but in some respects its equivalent. It contains six empty rooms, and any family really in destitution may, on obtaining an order signed by the chief constable, take up their abode there and carry thither the few articles of furniture they may possess. For subsistence the inmates of this dwelling depend entirely on charity. They solicit alms daily from house to house, and are never refused. The sums given are extremely small, generally two pfennigs—rather less than a farthing—at most five pfennigs, or about a halfpenny ; but this is all that is expected, and the few pence thus collected go much farther in Germany than in England, for black bread is very cheap indeed.

Books. Long evenings in the big sitting-room were among the winter pleasures of our Pfarrhaus life, and many books were read aloud while busy fingers plied the needle, or the stockings, which the German in season and out of season is for ever knitting, grew swiftly on the needles.

The books chosen were of a very intellectual character, for, despite the almost primitive simplicity of their mode of life, our pastor and his family were both cultured and refined. Female education in Germany comprises many branches, and each receives most thorough attention. A German girl is generally well read in her own literature, writes a good hand, and is an adept at expressing herself in the long involved sentences and heavy periods which are the admired of all (German) admirers in the matter of style. She is thoroughly versed in history up to the point required by the text-books generally in use, has been taught to recite with much care and feeling, and is probably an excellent French scholar. In music, and in all that can make proficiency in housekeeping and sewing, she has been carefully trained from a child. Many of the German maidens whom I knew would have come up to this standard. Such as went beyond it, and added English, drawing, and painting to their attainments, were

considered accomplished. At last the frost began to give, and when we were well into March and the deep snows had melted and rolled away in streams of slush, I went down to see the great platforms of slowly melting ice that covered the Oder. This river is frozen in winter for many miles, and as the cold lessens the ice melts at the edges, and great sheets become detached and drift slowly towards the sea.

It was at this time that a sad accident occurred which resulted in the death of two of our villagers. A man was at work upon a boat which had been injured by the frost. He was standing on a plank, laid as a rough bridge, across the few intermediate feet of water between the bank and the ice, which floated, almost stationary, in the midst of the stream. Suddenly the ice on which his plank rested gave way, and he was precipitated into the water. His son bravely sprang after him ; but both were soon under the ice, and when help arrived it was too late. The funeral was a touching sight. The two coffins, each made, as is usual in Germany, in the form of an ark, were wreathed with evergreen boughs in emblem of immortality. The widow and six orphans followed in worn garments, with pieces of crape tied on to their wrists and pinned upon their breasts, and almost the whole village attended. At the close of the service, the mourners and friends drew near and threw each a handful of earth into the grave.

"Eine Handvoll Erde
Geb' ich Dir zu Ruh'."

On the following Sunday, when the minister mounted the pulpit and began his sermon by a reference to the cloud which had just shadowed the village, the congregation wept aloud. The Germans, in most things so unlike the French, resemble them in their public demonstrations of emotion. The "loud crying and tears" of the listeners obliged the minister to pause in his discourse. When, a month or so later, the events of the winter were reviewed from the pulpit and special reference was made to this calamity, the same outburst of grief arose from all parts of the little church.

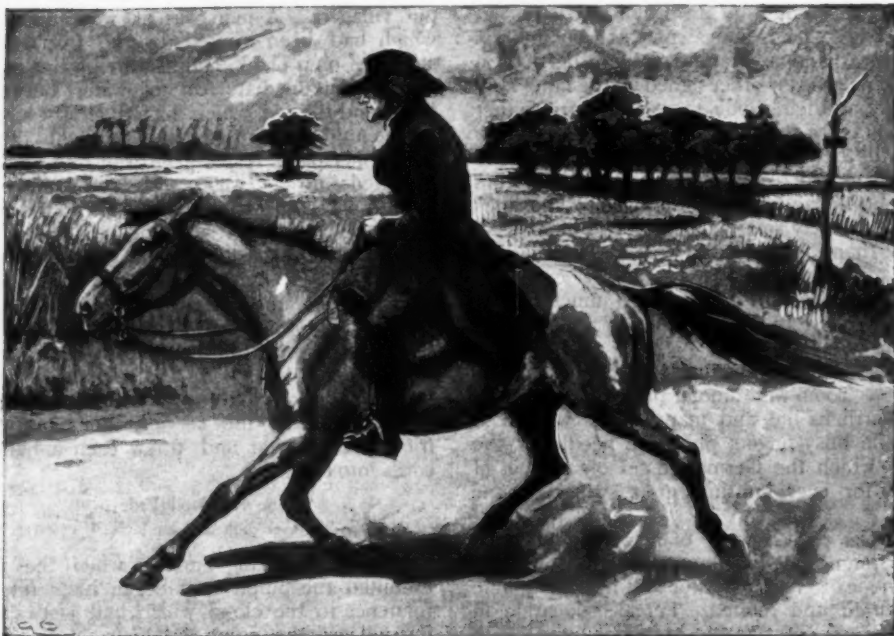
Spring, when at last she came to us, came with no backward pace. The ice had long since vanished from the river. Earth was smiling once more, and the June roses were blooming again in the garden, when a letter called me to Dresden, and I bade a reluctant farewell to my kind friends at the Pfarrhaus and to German village life.

A. F. SLACK.

CHARACTER SKETCHES FROM REAL LIFE.

BY EVELYN EVERETT-GREEN.

THE MINISTER'S MARRIAGE.



THE MINISTER SETS FORTH TO SEEK A WIFE.

AT the beginning of the present century, a few miles distant from the town of Magdeburg, there dwelt an excellent and pious Protestant minister, by name Karl Brusch.

He had worked for many years amongst the simple villagers with whom his lot was cast, and they loved and revered him as a father. The village was a prosperous one. The land round it was rich and well watered, and the peasants grew large crops of beetroot, which they sold at good prices for the manufacture of sugar. They were well-to-do, and their pastor was well supported. He had a pleasant house to dwell in near to the little church he served, and there were horses in his stable to take him hither and thither to the scattered members of his flock in surrounding hamlets; but there was no housewife at home to minister to his needs, nor to be a friend and counsellor to the women and girls of the place, as a minister's wife so often becomes when he is a married man.

Karl Brusch was a shy and quiet man, devoted to his people, but one who shunned the society of his equals in birth, and never went about save in the way of his daily duty to the homes of the poor. Therefore at forty years of age he was still a bachelor—a man of infinite tenderness, faith, and piety, but somewhat awkward and uncouth in

aspect when he chanced to be thrown in the way of strangers.

It was perhaps not very wonderful, then, that he had passed through life unmarried, and that he had never seriously contemplated matrimony until it was set before him in the light of a duty.

For many years there had been whispers amongst his people that it would be well for the minister to have a wife. It was usual, and would surely be a happier thing for him, they argued, than living alone in that roomy house. It seemed to some amongst their number to savour of "Popery" for their minister to be unmarried. In fine, the good folks became really anxious for him to marry, and the whisper at last reached his own ears, and set him thinking.

Being a very loving man, the thought of married life could not but be attractive to him; and the longer he mused upon it, the more attractive grew those mental pictures of domestic bliss which he drew for himself from his imagination. But then came the perplexing question—how in the world were these dreams to be carried into effect? However was a quiet, retired recluse like himself to have time or opportunity to win the love of a woman of his own station in life?

Good Karl Brusch was too wise a man to think

of making an unequal marriage with some village girl. Himself a man of culture and refinement of mind, he knew that a union such as that would not in all probability be conducive either to his own happiness, or to the welfare of the village. It would probably stir up jealousy and bitterness, and he dismissed the idea almost without a thought.

But where, then, should he turn? He knew absolutely no lady of marriageable age. He did not go into society, and did not know how to begin to change his habits. It seemed a hopeless thing to seek to work after the ordinary methods, and after long meditation the minister resolved upon a plan of his own.

"This will I do," he said, speaking aloud in his excitement and energy of mind. "To-morrow I take my horse, and I go into Magdeburg, and the third woman whom I meet after passing the gate shall be my wife. I will lay my case before the Lord, and He will help me—though none else can do so."

Then the pious man knelt down and laid the matter, as indeed he had done many times already, before the Lord. On former occasions he had prayed for guidance, whether or not this step would be for his good and that of his people: and now (believing that the Lord had approved it, and had guided him to this decision) he spoke of the thing that he had resolved, and prayed most earnestly that he might be guided in his choice.

"I know not whom to choose, were all Magdeburg before me," he said, "but Thou knowest the hearts of all. Send to me to-morrow the woman whom Thou hast chosen for me, and I will make her my wife if it can in any wise be compassed, and Thou wilt give us Thy blessing and help."

Having so prayed, long and earnestly, the minister went to bed and slept calmly and peacefully all the night through.

The next morning came, and his purpose and courage had not failed. He believed, in his simple and earnest way, that the matter was now in the hands of Providence, that he had only to carry out his share of the compact loyally and steadfastly, and all would be well.

After he had performed his simple round of daily duties he ordered his horse, and rode quietly towards Magdeburg.

It was a beautiful spring day—the earth was putting on its bridal robe, or so it seemed to him. The fruit trees were a mass of snowy blossom, every orchard was a festal sight. The sky above him was blue and bright, and the birds were singing blithely in the welcome warmth. It seemed a fit day in which to go forth seeking a bride, and until the walls and spires of Magdeburg rose before him, he felt quiet and tranquil and at peace with all the world. Now a little natural tremor seized him, and he drew rein and walked his horse slowly forward, for it was a momentous event that loomed before him in the immediate future. In a few minutes from the present moment he should have seen the woman who was to be his wife!

He entered the city and looked narrowly about him. A market woman approached with a basket on her arm.

"That is the first," he said, and gave a little sigh.

Suppose he had been bound to take the market-woman?

Several men passed him chatting together, and then came a crippled and aged woman leaning on a stick.

"That is the second," he said, and his heart beat faster than its wont.

Turning a corner and entering one of the main thoroughfares, he came suddenly face to face with a beautiful and radiant young girl, tripping along with a dainty grace, and acknowledging with simple friendliness the salutations of the shopkeepers who stood in the sunshine at their doors, and who made their reverences to her as she passed.

Her dress, in spite of its simplicity, bespoke wealth and station, as did also the high-bred grace with which she carried herself. A great hound paced beside her, but she was otherwise unattended. In that friendly town, at a time when life and manners were very simple, there was no reason why a gently reared girl should not pass to and fro at will. Probably she was bound upon a pleasant walk beyond the streets and walls upon this bright spring morning.

The minister turned in his saddle and looked after her long and earnestly. Could it be possible that that beautiful young creature could be for him? There was something in her bright sunny face and buoyant movements that attracted him irresistibly. He felt that life with such a fair young creature would be a new thing for him. Surely, if the face were any index to the soul, that of this maiden must be very pure and fair! Perhaps God had designed her for him that he might strive to train and guide it aright. A host of new thoughts and feelings arose within him as he watched her pass out of sight; but in his heart he never doubted for a moment that God had heard and answered his prayer, and that this was the wife He had selected out of all the city for him.

But since he had never seen the young lady in his life before, it was necessary to discover her name and her abode, and so he addressed a question to a shopkeeper to whom he had seen the girl nod as she passed on her way down the street.

"Who is that fair maiden who has just gone by?" he inquired.

"Why, that is none other but the gracious Fräulein Reichenbach, the only daughter of our good Councillor. You may well look after her with admiration, for she is the prettiest maiden in all the town—and the gayest. They say it is a sight to see her at some of the gay balls and parties which she attends constantly. All the young men of the town are at her feet; but they say she will none of them. She plays with them and gives smiles and kind words to all alike, but none has yet been successful in wooing her. To be sure she is not yet very old, but she has turned twenty-one. Many maids are wives and mothers before that; but the Fräulein Reichenbach, it seems, loves her liberty too well to change her state. She is the apple of her father's eye, and they say he will deny her nothing."

The minister listened thoughtfully, revolving many things in his mind. The shopkeeper, who knew

him well by sight, had no scruple in gossiping with him in this friendly way. Karl Brusch, though not often seen within the walls of Magdeburg, was known by sight and repute there, and was greatly respected for his pious life and devotion to his flock. Everybody knew that if he chose he might consort on equal terms with the best of the citizens. It was entirely his own doing that he spent his time almost exclusively amongst his own humble peasant folk.

After turning matters over in his mind for some moments, the minister asked where Herr Reichenbach lived, and was informed that it was in a certain street; the house being described to him in a way which made error impossible. He thanked his informant and rode thoughtfully away in the direction of the place indicated.

And now, what was to be his next step? He knew the name, the station, and the abode of the young lady, but the Councillor Reichenbach was an utter stranger to him. In his modesty and diffidence he did not for a moment suppose that the citizen would ever have heard of him. He had never been into the society of the town, and did not know how to obtain entrance to it, even had he felt that he could give up time to the prosecution of social objects. Yet he never for a moment doubted that this radiant young maiden was the woman whom the Lord had selected as his wife, having indicated to him His mind upon the subject; and that being the case there was nothing to do but to go forward, leaving the result in His hands.

Dismounting from his horse at the nearest inn, he left the animal there, and walked up and down the street where the Councillor lived, wondering how he might make excuse to see him, and what he could say if the interview were granted. But being a man of infinite simplicity, and the most inflexible uprightness of heart, he could think of no sort of diplomatic excuse. Nothing presented itself to him as possible save the absolute relation of the facts of the case. He felt that he might well be looked upon as a madman for proposing for the hand of a girl of whose very existence he had been ignorant an hour before: but yet, what else could he do?

Convinced that no amount of pondering the matter would make any difference, he simply commended himself and his affairs to God, and went boldly up to the door and rang for admittance. When his summons was answered he sent in his name, and asked if the Councillor Herr Reichenbach would grant to him a short interview on private business.

After a brief delay he was ushered into a pleasant room looking out upon the street, and in a few minutes he was joined there by the Councillor—a man of dignified but benignant aspect, who looked at his visitor keenly, though welcoming him courteously.

For a few moments they spoke of trivial matters—the fine season, the state of the crops, and so forth: but it was plain that the Councillor waited for his guest to explain the cause of his visit, and, as silence fell, he looked at him with an unspoken question in his eyes.

The minister rose with some agitation of manner, strode two or three times up and down the room,

and then, stopping dead short in the middle, looked full at the Councillor, and said:

"Sir, I have come to ask the hand of your daughter in marriage."

For a few seconds complete silence reigned in the room, and then the Councillor said quietly—

"I suppose, sir, you are aware what you have said; but you will pardon me if I express astonishment. I was not aware that you had ever seen my daughter. Certainly she has never mentioned your name to me."

"I saw her for the first time an hour ago," replied the minister; "I have never exchanged a word with her. She does not know that I exist. I did not know yesterday of her existence. To-day I come to ask her for my wife."

The Councillor eyed him with close scrutiny. He spoke in a tone which betrayed some considerable bewilderment.

"Sir," he said, "if your name were not known to me as that of one of the most excellent and pious men in all the district, I should certainly come to the conclusion that you were drunk. As it is, I dismiss such an unworthy supposition: but, save for your composure of manner, I should certainly have thought that the sun had touched your head, and that the delirium of fever was upon you."

The minister took no umbrage at such plain speaking. Was not he himself speaking with the most unvarnished frankness?

"Sir," he said, "if you had ordered me from your house I could not have complained. That you should think me mad is nothing to be wondered at. I am well aware that my suit must appear passing strange to you: but since you speak as though my name were not altogether unknown to you, I have courage to hope that you will listen to my tale, and let me explain to you why I ask of you so strange a thing."

"I will very willingly listen," answered the Councillor, "but with your consent I will also call my wife. Since it is the future of our dearly loved daughter that you come to discuss, it is right that she also should hear what it is you have to say."

The minister bent his head in assent. He would have preferred stating his case to the father alone, since he had little knowledge of the ways and feelings of gently reared women: but he recognised that the mother had a right to hear what related to her daughter, and very soon he was making his bow to a fine-looking matron, with a gentle and slightly careworn face, whose aspect, despite the immense difference in expression and colouring, recalled to his mind the radiant countenance of the girl he had seen in the streets but a short while since, and who had plainly inherited her great beauty from her mother.

When the parents were both seated, the minister began his tale.

"Gracious lady, and you my worthy friend, if I may venture so to call you, I am a plain man, and I have no eloquence and no art to speak in telling and moving words as many would be able. I can but speak plainly and simply, and leave it to your kind hearts to fill up the blanks. I have lived all my life hitherto alone—my flock has been wife and

child to me ; but of late it has been borne in upon me that it is the Lord's will that I should take a wife. I have prayed and meditated over this thing by night and day, but I seemed always to be led back to the same words in Scripture, 'It is not good for man to be alone,' and at the last I felt assured that I must go forward in this matter. But since I lived amongst my flock, and knew no maidens save the peasant girls, I had perforce to leave with the Lord the choice of my bride. He knew the hearts of all, I knew nothing. Yestereve I was moved to this resolve—to ride into the city to-day, and I asked of the Lord that the third woman I met after passing the gate might be the woman He had chosen for me. In that hope I went forth, and it was your daughter, Herr Reichenbach, who was the third I met. It was easy to learn her name and place of abode ; but how to obtain admission to this house I knew not. After turning the matter over in my mind, I said within my heart, 'I can but do one thing—tell my story to the parents of the young maiden, and ask their counsel and sanction. I have no time, nor have I the art, to prosecute my suit by other means.' And thus, gracious lady, and you, my good friend, I come to you with my story on my lips. I have told to you the simple truth. Can you give me your daughter, knowing all? As the Lord is my witness, I will make her a true and loving husband if you will."

Husband and wife looked at each other in some perplexity, yet without the least appearance of vexation or anger at the strangeness of the proposal made to them. Themselves pious people, living in days when the conditions of life were far simpler than now, and amongst a nation of simple-hearted and simple-mannered citizens, they received this story with perfect confidence, and neither mocked nor doubted the speaker.

"For my part," said the father, after a pause for thought, "I have no objection in the world. I have heard much of you and your work, sir, and I have for you the greatest esteem. But both I and my wife have always resolved that we would not force a husband upon our daughter, but allow her to follow the dictates of her own heart. Hitherto, although several of our best and noblest youths have sought her hand in marriage, she has refused her consent. What she will say to such a suit as yours, I cannot guess. But I can only assure you that I will put no impediment in your way."

"As for me," said the mother, "I would that our Elsa might make so wise a choice. The child is fair to look upon, and she has a good heart ; but she loves above all things to be amused, praised, flattered. She is the life and soul of every company, and oftentimes I fear that she may become something too much entangled of the world, that it is perilous for her to live in the midst of so much pleasure. As a wedded wife, living such a life as your wife would lead, surely she would be held back from much peril and temptation. I would that she might listen to your proposal. I should be happy in the thought that she might choose so wisely and well."

The good minister sat ruminating after his fashion. Surely, as it seemed to him, he was being led and

guided wonderfully. The lady was fair, gracious, young, and charming ; her parents were pious people who had doubtless brought her up well, and they were favourable to his suit, and in no wise daunted by its strangeness. The girl had refused other lovers, as though (if he might dare to hope it) she was being kept for him. It even seemed from the mother's words as though he might be the means of weaning her away from the pomps and vanities of a pleasure-loving life, and of making her a more noble and God-fearing woman. Surely all things were working for good together in a wonderful way !

"How can I see the maiden?" he asked. "I have little time to spare away from my flock."

"If you will favour us so far as to dine with us at noon," said the Councillor, "Elsa will then have returned from her walk. You will meet her at our table, and afterwards you shall have an opportunity of seeing her alone."

The minister gratefully accepted this invitation, and before very long Elsa herself appeared, her hands full of flowers, her charming face glowing with exercise and dimpling with smiles. She looked an impersonation of innocent girlish happiness, and the minister resolved that if she would but entrust herself to him, her life should be as happy as he could make it. He felt a wonderful love springing up in his heart towards this fair young creature, a love half paternal in character, though with something of the lover-like element in it. Already she seemed to him in some way to belong to him. He talked to her from time to time during the course of the mid-day meal, and she answered him freely, without either constraint or timidity, but with a frankness and unreserve which he found very delightful.

At the close of the repast, the Councillor proposed that Elsa should show their guest the garden, which she was very willing to do. They thus became better acquainted ; but with the girl flitting about like a bird from flower to flower nothing of a personal kind could be spoken, even had the pastor been so disposed. At the same time he greatly desired to take some forward step in this matter before he left for his village home ; and it was plain that the parents desired to give him every facility for doing so, since, after they had all drunk coffee together in a pleasant room looking out upon the garden, first the father and then the mother disappeared, and then the minister found himself quite alone with pretty Elsa.

He had been pondering in his own mind what he should say and how he should say it when the moment for speech should come, but he was no nearer to a decision now than at the beginning. He had never spoken words of love to a woman in his life. He knew not how to approach such a subject. Besides, what a mockery it would seem to a girl, accustomed to be admired, flattered, courted, and that by fine young men suitable to her in all respects, to be approached in a lover-like fashion by a man so much her senior, who had never set eyes upon her until that morning !

No, there was only one thing to be done, and that was to tell his tale once more, simply and straightforwardly, as he had told it to the parents.

After all, was not truth always the best? At least he knew not how to frame his lips to anything else: and so quite suddenly, and without preamble of any kind, he rehearsed his story once again to Elsa. She gazed at him wide eyed with astonishment, but took in every detail of the story with a quickness of comprehension that expressed itself in the expression of her eyes and the changing light and shadows that flitted over her face.

When he had done he just held out his hand to her and said, "Elsa, you know everything, will you be my wife?"

But instead of giving him any answer, she

"Elsa," he said again, "what is my answer to be?"

Again she sprang up and paced the room, but this time she spoke instead of laughing.

"You are perfectly delightful!" she cried. "I never could have guessed how amusing and original a proposal of marriage could be? I have had several, and oh, how stupid they have all been! and all exactly alike. It is charming to be chosen in such a fashion—like a sort of lottery prize. I could die of laughing! You must be a wonderful man, Herr Brusch! Wonderful men do not come in my way every day. I like you immensely."



DO YOU LIKE ME WELL ENOUGH TO MARRY ME?

sprang from her seat and went off into peal after peal of inextinguishable laughter, which for a time seemed as though it would never spend itself.

This was not exactly the reply the minister had imagined receiving to his proposal; yet he sat quite still, looking with kind, benignant eyes at the merry maiden, and quietly waiting till her spasm of mirth should have passed. He did not even let himself be cast down by it, for was she not very young? He had taken her quite by surprise. Was it wonderful that she should in a manner lose control of herself?

At last the laughter died away. Elsa, who had been moving about the room whilst she laughed, now returned to her seat, and sat regarding him rather as though he were an object of natural curiosity.

He returned her glance steadily and very kindly. The more he saw of her, the more his heart was drawn towards her. There was something so frank and spontaneous about her that he could not but love her. Perhaps his face showed something of this, for her glance met his without either mockery or aversion, and the smile in her eyes was so bright and sunny that hope suddenly leapt up in his heart.

"Do you like me well enough to marry me?" asked the minister in his quiet, gentle fashion.

She stood a few paces off from him, regarding him intently with her head on one side.

"I almost think I do," she replied; for, having heard that her parents had given consent to the strangely proposed union, there seemed no reason why she should hold back on her side. "I know that I shall be expected to marry soon, and I think I like you, and you look as though you would be kind to me. I like the strangeness of it all. I always said I wanted to be different from other girls. My father and mother seem fond of you too. I will consent to marry you, sir; but I must make three conditions first. Will you abide by them if I do?"

The minister could hardly believe his ears. It seemed so strange that this radiant young maiden should be so easily won. But then, why need he marvel, he asked himself quickly; had he not felt from the first that the Lord was leading and guiding him? It was He who had chosen and brought him this fair wife. Surely He would guide and lead him through all the difficulties that might lie in his way. So he answered at once, and willingly—

"Unless you ask me something that is against my conscience, Elsa, I will very willingly consent to

abide by them. Now let me hear the three conditions."

She sat down then opposite to him, and her face had taken a graver look, though there was mirth still sparkling in her eyes.

"First," she said, marking off the three conditions with the fingers of her right hand—"first, you must promise me that you will not expect or require me to take any interest either in your domestic affairs at home or in your village folks outside your doors. I hate the troubles of housekeeping, and I don't know anything about country people. I will be your wife, but I will not be bothered with your affairs. Is that granted?"

The minister listened rather aghast. Was it not mainly with the view of having a wife to be his right hand at home and amongst his flock that he had seriously contemplated this step? and yet he could not believe that the Lord had led him on thus far only to mock him. The maiden was young. With time she might change her views. It was, perhaps, better at first that she should stand aloof—it was better that she should do nothing, rather than fall into mischievous blunderings in her inexperience. So after a brief pause for consideration he answered gravely—

"I consent to that condition, Elsa. What is the second?"

"That I have free leave to amuse myself here in Magdeburg just as I will. My friends are here, my amusements and occupations. Out in the country I shall have nothing to do. I must have free leave to come hither at will and continue to amuse myself as before."

Again the minister pondered gravely, and heaved a little sigh: but again he answered after due deliberation—

"I consent also to that condition. Now tell me the third."

"The third is that you keep a horse and carriage and a servant solely for my own use, that I may be quite independent in my movements, and able to go to and fro at my own will."

Now since the minister was a man of some means, and lived very simply himself, and since his flock was a prosperous one, there was no difficulty about this last condition. He consented to it without any demur, and before he left Magdeburg that afternoon he and Elsa were practically betrothed, and the wedding was not to be delayed beyond the time needful for preparing the bride's outfit.

Before the summer had waned, Karl Brusch and Elsa Reichenbach were made man and wife. He took her to his own home, loving her in his own reserved and quiet fashion very dearly, and she had shown no sign of shrinking from the new life opening before her. She liked and respected her future husband, and perhaps she felt that she had secured herself from any fear of dulness by the conditions she had imposed at starting, and which, though by no means approved by her own parents, would, she felt assured, be loyally kept by the man she was about to marry.

There was great rejoicing in the village when it was known that the good minister was about to bring home a fair young bride; but great was

the astonishment and dismay of the flock when Sunday after Sunday passed without bringing the young wife to the village church for service, and without her appearing amongst them on weekdays, or taking the smallest interest in them, or even in her own home.

Day after day she was seen to drive into Magdeburg, often not returning thence till the village had long been in bed. Her beauty could not but be admired by all, and the very few individuals who by chance came across her said that she was a most sweet-spoken and charming lady. But as for being the wife of a minister! why nothing seemed more unsuitable. The flock thought their good pastor must surely have gone mad to make such a choice. And he had a good deal to bear at one time or another from the hints of condolence or the veiled criticisms of some of the farmer folk about, who highly disapproved of the goings-on of the minister's lady, and were very strongly of the opinion that he ought to put them down with a high hand.

But the minister was loyal to his plighted word, and not one hint of vexation or disapproval did he drop. Towards his young wife he was perfectly kind, considerate, and even tender. Whenever they were together he treated her with a delicate chivalrous affection that could not but appeal to the better side of her nature. When she absented herself day after day he made no complaint, and even when she practically turned day into night and night into day, by lying in bed till beyond noon to rest herself, and then driving into the town and remaining there till the summer dawn was crimsoning the east, he said not a word, abiding loyally by the promise he had given her, and only praying the more earnestly to the Lord to open her eyes and turn her heart. His own faith was so strong that he never gave up hope. He was so certain that the Lord had not mocked him in this thing that he went cheerfully on day after day and month after month. And in this fashion nearly two years slipped away, and yet his young wife appeared to have no disposition whatever to change her ways, but was as gay, irresponsible, and pleasure-loving as ever. Never once had she been inside his church, preferring on Sunday, if she went to public worship at all, to drive into Magdeburg and attend the church there; never once had she visited any of the people; the capable housekeeper who had managed the minister's household in the days of his bachelorhood still directed the affairs of the house, and nobody knew less about them than the lawful mistress. And this in Germany, and in those times, was a thing most remarkable and most reprehensible in the eyes of the whole community.

The second spring of their married life was coming round.

It was the morning of Easter Sunday, and Elsa was awakened by the joyous ringing of the bells for service. She had been out late the night before, and had slept till long after her husband's early breakfast hour, but then it was long since she had risen to breakfast with him. Her meal was served to her up in her room by the grave-faced housekeeper. She sat beside the open window to take it, and the sound of the bells struck joyously upon her ears.

Suddenly as she sat there it came into her heart that for once she would go to the village church and hear her husband preach. Her mother had spoken gravely and seriously to her many times upon this very subject: but she had always laughed and answered that her husband did not care. Now the doubt suddenly presented itself to her—Did he care after all? did he deplore and regret the life she led? did it pain him, as it certainly pained her mother? and if so, how patient, loving, and gentle he had been, and how loyal and true to the promises he had made her at the beginning! Would any other man have behaved so nobly?

Suddenly it was revealed to the heart of Elsa how deeply she loved her husband, how much he had become to her, what a keen pleasure it would be to give him pleasure. Suddenly, as it seemed to her, scales fell from her eyes, and she saw her married life as she had never seen it before—realised all her own folly, frivolity, and vanity; understood the pain that they must have given to her husband, and marvelled with a great and overmastering admiration at the infinite patience and tenderness with which she had always been treated.

"He is the best and truest and noblest man in the whole world!" cried Elsa, her heart suddenly stirred to its lowest depths, "and I am nothing but a worthless and giddy girl, not worthy to be called by his name or to sit at his table." Suddenly springing up, she paced to and fro in the room, and flinging herself upon her knees beside the open window she cried aloud:

"O God help me! O Lord teach me what I must do to be a true and fit wife for him!"

It was perhaps the first real prayer from the heart that Elsa had ever prayed, and almost immediately it came into her heart that she would go to church to-day and hear her husband preach. Was it not Easter Sunday? Was not all the world going to praise God for the glorious Resurrection of His Son? Surely help and blessing would come to her if she asked it in the spirit of true contrition!—and in another minute her busy hands were hastily performing a rapid toilet: yet hurry as she would the bell had stopped ringing before she was ready to sally forth.

All the congregation was assembled and the service had already commenced when Elsa, to the immense astonishment of the flock, came sailing into the church with her graceful swan-like motion, her fair face flushed, but her eyes bright with purpose and resolution.

That service was the turning-point in her life. With a mind attuned to thoughts of penitence, self-abasement, and contrition, the words of prayer offered came charged with new significance. Her naturally joyous spirit was lifted up by the joyful praise set forth in psalm and hymn: whilst the simple and beautiful preaching of her husband fell upon her heart like dew upon a thirsty land.

She was at home before he came in: but she

was awaiting him upon his return, and when she saw him, she ran forward and fell into his arms.

"Forgive me, forgive me, my dear and honoured husband!" were the first words that she spoke; "I have indeed been blind! But to-day the Lord has opened my eyes. Forgive me all the pain I must have caused you. Help me to begin a new life from this day forward! O my dear, dear, tender-hearted husband, how true and noble you have been towards me!—and how evilly have I requited your patience and your love!"

The tears were in his eyes as he held her in his arms whilst she poured forth these and many like words. Through all the past long months he had never let himself be cast down: he had never allowed doubt and distrust to enter his heart. And now that the joy had come so fully and freely, he said with perfect truthfulness—

"Sweetheart, I knew that I had only to await the Lord's time! I knew that He had not mocked me. Thou wert His choice for me—not mine own. That was consolation enough. And see, how He has made good His choice. He may for His own good purposes make trial of our faith: but He never tries us above what we are able to bear, and the reward is above all we dare to ask."

From that day forward a new life began in the minister's home. Elsa was a completely changed character. Retaining all her bright joyousness of disposition, she ceased to care for the amusements and pleasures which had once been everything to her, and her whole heart was centred in her husband and her home, in the flock of which he had the charge, and in those high and holy things which were the mainspring of his own life.

Their wedded life was from that day forward one of ideal happiness. They were blessed with beautiful children, and their home was the happiest that could be found from one end of the kingdom to the other.

Elsa's parents shared in the happiness which this change and development in their daughter occasioned to so many; whilst as for the village people, they soon lost all sense of distrust, and could not speak highly enough of the fair young matron, who was in her way as true a friend to them as the minister himself.

"Ah, sir," said an old man one day to the pastor, "it's strange how things come about! We all of us thought once that you had made a terrible mistake: but it seems that you knew better than the rest of us, after all."

"Say, rather, that the Lord knew better!" answered the minister reverently, "for it was He who guided my choice: and I think," he added, thoughtfully stroking his chin, "that if we all trusted Him more in our daily lives, we might all of us be spared from making terrible mistakes. For He cannot err."

Rash would they be who adopted his procedure without the spirit by which he ultimately overcame.

A TALK ABOUT TALK.

IF silence be golden, the wealth is of a kind which many an Englishman possesses. There is a crust of reserve about our people which it is often difficult to break, and the story told of a countryman who declined to rescue a drowning man because he had never been introduced, is only an amusing exaggeration of the shyness and reticence of the race.

There are, no doubt, men among us whose silence is due to emptiness; they have nothing to say, or, like Coleridge's acquaintance of apple-dumpling celebrity, can only speak upon one subject. Mrs. Thrale tells the story of a man who had acquired a large fortune, but was "absolutely miserable" because he could not talk in company. "I am invited to conversations," he said, "I go to conversations, but, alas! I have no conversation." On the other hand, men with full minds are often bad talkers, and display their weakness in society. "The worst of Warburton," said Dr. Johnson, "is that he has a rage for saying something when there's nothing to be said"; and the Doctor's assertion, that no man was more foolish than Goldsmith when he had not a pen in hand, or more wise when he had, was true upon the whole, although many apt and witty sayings of Goldsmith are recorded. Two or three of these hit the great "Cham of letters" and prince of talkers himself. Take a specimen which, although familiar, will bear repeating. One evening Goldsmith observed that he thought he could write a fable of the little fishes who petitioned Jupiter to be changed into birds. "The skill," he said, "consists in making them talk like little fishes." This made Johnson shake his sides with laughter; which led Goldsmith to exclaim, "Why, Dr. Johnson, this is not so easy as you seem to think; for if you were to make little fishes talk, they would talk like whales." And when Boswell in a circle of wits claimed unquestionable superiority for Johnson, it was smart of Goldsmith to reply, "Sir, you are for making a monarchy of what should be a republic."

Johnson, who, thanks to Boswell, lives in literature as the greatest talker of his century, liked conversation to be combative; and when ill he did not feel able to try his strength against Burke. He was, he said, "the only man whose common conversation corresponds with the general fame which he has in the world. Take up whatever topic you please, he is ready to meet you." To John Wesley Johnson gave similar praise, saying he could talk well on any subject; but he complained that he was never at leisure. "He is always obliged to go at a certain hour. This is very disagreeable to a man who loves to fold his legs and have his talk out, as I do." "The man," he said on another occasion, "who talks to unburden his

mind is the man to delight you"; and he complained of Goldsmith because he talked for fame. But it is impossible to read Boswell without seeing that Johnson had the same weakness, since he writes in his old age, after having been to his club, "I hear that I was thought to have performed as well as usual." Despite his pugnacity Johnson had an admirable perception of what conversation ought to be, and he returns to the subject again and again; but "'twere easier to tell twenty what were good to be done than be one of the twenty to follow your own teaching," and the Doctor sometimes destroyed an excellent talk by an ungovernable fit of rudeness. He would apologise very meekly afterwards, but the evil was done.

Richardson the novelist, with whom Johnson was familiar, is one of the most garrulous of authors, but in society he could talk of nothing, with the exception of his own works. The man lived, it is said, in an atmosphere of flattery, and when self is uppermost there is an end to good talk. The ladies around him ministered to his foible without stint, but men were not always so indulgent. Boswell relates how one day, at the novelist's country house, a gentleman fresh from Paris told him that he had seen his "Clarissa" lying on the table of the king's brother. "Richardson, observing that part of the company were engaged in talking to each other, affected then not to attend to it; but by-and-by, when there was a general silence, and he thought that the flattery might be fully heard, he addressed himself to the gentleman. 'I think, sir, you were saying somewhat about'—pausing, in a high flutter of expectation. The gentleman, provoked at his inordinate vanity, resolved not to indulge it, and, with an exquisitely sly air of indifference, answered, 'A mere trifle, sir, not worth repeating.' The mortification of Richardson was visible, and he did not speak ten words more the whole day."

I think, of all the good talkers of the last century, Addison, when in his happiest mood, must have been the most attractive. Lord Chesterfield, who, according to Mrs. Delany, could talk "most exquisitely well" himself, called Addison the most timid man he ever knew, but in the society of a few chosen friends his charm is said to have been irresistible. This Secretary of State, who could not speak in the House, nor, indeed, in the presence of strangers, had a bewitching grace when perfectly at his ease. His friend Steele asserted that he was "above all men in that talent called humour, and enjoyed it in such perfection that I have often reflected, after a night spent with him apart from all the world, that I had had the pleasure of conversing with an intimate acquaintance of Terence and Catullus, who had all their wit and nature, brightened with

humour more exquisite and delightful than any other man ever possessed." Pope, too, who was far from being Addison's friend, renders the same testimony, and said that he had something more charming in his conversation than he ever knew in any other man. Unfortunately, not the faintest record of this talk remains, and we must take it on trust, as we take the wit combats between Shakespeare and Ben Jonson at the "Mermaid" Tavern, described so graphically by Fuller; the latter being, according to that witty divine, a great Spanish galleon, "built far higher in learning than his opponent," and "solid, but slow in performance"; the former, an English man-of-war, "lesser in bulk, but lighter in sailing, turning with all tides, tacking about, and taking advantage of all winds by the quickness of his wit and genius." The dramatist Beaumont was present on some of these famous encounters of wit, and in a poetical epistle to Jonson he writes:

"What things have we seen
Done at the Mermaid! heard words that have been
So nimble and so full of subtle flame
As if that everyone from whom they came
Had meant to put his whole wit in a jest,
And had resolved to live a fool the rest
Of his dull life."

Some of Ben Jonson's talk has been preserved, for when the sturdy poet walked from London to Scotland to see his friend Drummond at Hawthornden, that poet took notes of his conversation, which, two centuries later, appeared in print. A little harsh and unkind it sometimes seems; but to say unkind things of one's friends is not peculiar to "rare Ben," whose life was one of strife and battle; and it is pleasant to remember that no poet has praised some of his fellow-poets more warmly, or left a nobler tribute to Shakespeare, the greatest of them all.

One likes to cherish the belief that poets who carry the child's heart into mature age must possess in larger measure than most men the gift of conversation. Sometimes they do. Cowper, talking in his few cheerful moments with Lady Hesketh or Lady Austin, must have been a delightful companion. So might Wordsworth have proved when the inspiration of mountain and lake stimulated all that was best in him; but in general he was too self-centred, too prone to dwell on his own poetry, and to brood over his own thoughts. Did he not leave his wife on their wedding-day to write a sonnet? And yet a more truly affectionate husband never lived. The best of his friend Southey's talk is to be found in his delightful letters. There he unfolds his feelings, his wishes, his aspirations; and although letters to which there is no response cannot be termed conversation, his have all the ease and familiarity of table-talk. Neither is monologue conversation; and when Coleridge, as his habit was, spoke on without ceasing—and many of his listeners wished him to speak on for ever—his wonderful art was very distinct from that of the brilliant speaker who gives life to the company by keeping the ball of talk rolling. "Charles," he once said to Lamb, "did you ever hear me preach?" "I never heard you do anything else," was the

reply. "There is no method in his talk," Carlyle said; "he preaches, or rather soliloquises." But Carlyle's estimate of the poet, like many of his critical judgments, must be taken with large deductions. "He was," says Mr. Dykes Campbell, "Coleridge's rival in monologue, and ill-suited for the part of 'passive bucket' assigned to him at Highgate." Another of Carlyle's rivals was Macaulay, and the "Right Honourable Tom," as he called him, burst out on the first occasion of their meeting into such a torrent of talk that the Chelsea Philosopher was forced to sit and suffer in silence. Macaulay may have been himself sometimes riled in a like fashion by Sydney Smith, who called him a "book in breeches," and praised him for his "occasional flashes of silence."

Scott, unlike Macaulay, never engrossed the conversation. One of the greatest of men of letters, he was the least self-conscious, and in fireside talk was as free from all assumption of superiority as Prospero after he had broken his staff. Very different in kind was Sir Walter's anecdotal converse from the impetuous vehemence of Landor, who, according to his friend Southey, talked "as if he spoke in thunder and lightning." Nothing is, indeed, more remarkable than the classical sobriety—may I not say the majestic calm?—of Landor's style as an author, and the unjust and extravagant statements which burst from him in talk. His "Imaginary Conversations" is a work full of noble thoughts expressed in the purest language. His wisdom, his imagination, his delicate sense of beauty in life and Nature, give to these pages the rarest literary flavour; his talk in private life was often more irritating than agreeable. Landor, says Mr. Sidney Colvin, "had two personalities—an inner one, so to speak, disguised by an outer; the inner being that of a stately and benign philosopher, the outer, that of a passionate and rebellious schoolboy."

Lord Tennyson, the greatest poet since Wordsworth, who lived to be far more widely read and loved than his Laureate predecessor, was the most attractive of companions among his intimate friends. Even Carlyle has no words but those of praise for "one of the finest-looking men in the world." "His voice," he wrote, "is musical, metallic—fit for loud laughter and piercing wail, and all that may lie between; speech and speculation free and plenteous; I do not meet in these late decades such company over a pipe." Tennyson's friend, Fitzgerald, also expressed the opinion that some of the weightiest thoughts of the poet had been uttered in conversation.

It is quite possible that men of letters are not better talkers than those engaged in the activities of life. We look for variety in conversation, and this we cannot always get from authors, whose minds are preoccupied. The man who has the reputation of a wit in society is too often a bore, and the lion of the season, when brought out of his den into the world, may be unable to roar. Women, being less careful as to what judgment is passed upon them, have a larger freedom, and can use it with a grace and charm quite beyond the reach of our sex. They may not know so much as some of the men who hang upon their

conversation with delight, but they have more skill in using what they know; and grave philosophers, fully conscious of their own worth, have been often compelled to yield the palm to a fair antagonist. For conversation is not debate, and when liable to degenerate into argument needs a woman's skilful tact to turn it into the right channel.

The happiest of all conversations is that between two persons whose minds are responsively attuned; and how much we often miss by not making use of the opportunities for such intercourse! Who does not regret the loss of hours spent in common-place chit-chat that might have been passed in converse that would increase the pleasures of memory?

"How best to help the slender store,
How mend the dwellings of the poor,
How gain in life, as life advances,
Valour and charity more and more."

Some difficulty that we have been brooding over; some sorrow that oppresses us, from which we see

no escape; some hope that gives new life to the spirit—to talk over such troubles or such aspirations with a friend may prove one of the turning-points in life; and yet, though the heart is full, the lips are closed, and we say no more to the dearest companion we have than to an agreeable acquaintance. "The heart knoweth its own bitterness, and a stranger intermeddleth not with its joy." True; but a friend can share the bitterness and double the joy, and to be silent when speech can yield a help like this is to neglect one of the chief uses of friendship and the sweetest gift of conversation. The most intimate converse is that between a husband and a wife—the most intimate and the most elevating. Elsewhere there may be misunderstandings and limitations—here there is nothing to prevent the freest intercourse compatible with the individuality that separates soul from soul. "With thee conversing I forget all time," says Milton's Eve to Adam; and many a lover-husband, even in these care-besetting days, can say the same to his wife.

JOHN DENNIS.

A KHUD IN THE PUNJAB.

WHAT is a khud? A place just entirely delightful, in which may be seen a few of what we whimsical islanders are pleased to term "odd people."

But what is a khud? A rift in the granite hills, where the lower ranges of the Himalayas run down to meet the laughing, fertile, sun-baked plains. A rift so narrow, till you are on the brink you scarcely perceive it; not unlike the Devonshire combs that Kingsley loved so well. True, the salt breeze is many hundred miles away, but there is plenty of good wholesome fog clinging to the steep rocky sides in July and August, hanging low over the rustic bridges, till your eyes can hardly find the grey waters of the torrent, foaming, and swirling, and dashing against the boulders at the bottom. There are keen blasts too, blasts that will almost lift you off your feet as you stagger along the ridge, with blinding rain or cutting hailstones driving in your face. Such days are, however, for old friends, not for strangers making acquaintance. For a first visit choose out a khud in the Kangra Valley, some early morning in June, while the coolies are settling to their work in the tea-gardens above. Then come and sit in the khud, and you shall see a few of the odd things it contains.

Look at the head of the gorge, where the great buttresses of rock loom out of a blue and purple mist already turning to gold as the sun peeps over the edge of yon crag, melting away in the warm light till you are able to trace the "nullah" with

its white thread of foam, higher and higher, through ravine after ravine, till like grim sentinels guarding the pass to the eternal snows stand the mighty tosh-trees. By-and-by they shall be hewn down and sawn into tea-chests! Beyond the great tosh-trees are the snow-fields, and to these, once or twice a week, climb a couple of coolies. In constant apprehension of a bear, and stopping continually to pull off the leeches that fasten on their bare legs, they will bring down a huge bar of solid snow to cool soda-water and harden butter for the planters below.

Sit down on the short, closely cropped turf, under the shade of a boulder. You can watch the long-suffering dhobies toiling up and down the rocky steps. They exhibit a preference for white and gold turbans, the design ingeniously stamped in Mooltan mud. Their lives are spent pounding with dull thuds muslin and cambric on the smooth stones of the torrent. To-night amongst those smooth stones there will rise a wild fitful flame, shooting upwards with strange flashes, as the body of some Hindoo undergoes cremation.

But the morning is too joyous for such dark suggestions. There is a sound of rushing water from innumerable watercourses, overhead there is a pale misty sky, while at the mouth of the khud even the glowing plains are invisible. A tender mist veils all. Creeping up the khud and nearing the pine-woods are Hindoo villages. Rudely sculptured in stone are grotesque little representa-

tions of Hindoo deities, the deity of each house, and before these hang withered votive offerings. Winding paths, roughly paved and thickly bordered with small trees, lead to the huts. At the entrance of one of these vistas, under the arched boughs, you see a cluster of women and girls, half laughing, half defiant, ready to skurry away like a parcel of children, while picturesque figures in pink and red draperies are perched about amongst the boulders, tending goats.

Below you, on a sort of island in the torrent, there is a herd of black cattle watched by Guddis. These are the real denizens of the khud: Gadis, pronounced Guddis, hill-men as we English call them, a tribe of shepherds inhabiting the Kangra hills and Chamba. In spring they start with their flocks for the high mountains, and in autumn return with them to the lower pastures. The small homesteads, niched here and there in the hills, with deep ochre walls and thatched roofs, looking as if they must be crushed by the great masses of boulder that have rolled down the hillside, belong to these Guddis. A curious race, so light in colour they are almost white, having only the air of being sunburnt or tanned; they have oval faces with fine sharply cut features, very dark hair and eyes, their heads thrown back, a free step and upright carriage, very different from the obsequious, deprecating manner of the ordinary "native." The men, women, and children wear a sort of pelisse of white blanketing, open at the throat, showing handsome silver ornaments on a thick twisted skein of dark wool. A large square plaque engraved with birds, beasts, and flowers, with two smaller plaques at each side. These ornaments are



SILVER NECK ORNAMENT MADE AT CHAMBA.

made in the old Rajpoot state of Chamba, and become heirlooms, only parted with when reverses of fortune have brought the poor Guddi into the clutches of the remorseless money-lender. The women are entirely free from the coquettish airs of the Hindoo women. They seldom converse much, and shrink back from strangers. To look at them closely offends them, to notice their ornaments is

considered an insult, which the men are quick to resent. The older women are remarkably hale and vigorous, with shrewd sensible faces and dark kindly eyes. You may see them leading their little granddaughters by the hand along the steep narrow paths. They wear large silver earrings, a pendant arc of fine perforated work, with graceful fringe of minute balls or leaves, and each carries at her girdle a bunch of cowrie shells, sometimes quaintly twisted on a scarlet string. These are the family funds, cowries representing sums for which no recognised coin is sufficiently small. As the shepherd lad bounds from boulder to boulder, his agile figure, large bright eyes, and dark locks blown back by the breeze against his high white cap, reminds you of an Italian boy, but there is something of hardness infused, his mountain rearing effectually preventing all southern softness. The proverb runs: "A Guddi is a good-natured fellow—if you ask him for a hat, he gives also a coat," and the tribe have always maintained a good reputation.

The whole of the Kangra Valley is amazingly fertile. Wherever space will permit even the khuds are cultivated. There are two crops in the year; the winter or autumn crop consisting of wheat and linseed from November to April, the summer or spring crop from May to October, rice and Indian corn. Irrigation is carried on by means of water-courses cut in the sides of the khud. They are centuries old, and have always been preserved with infinite care. By an optical delusion, the water appears to be going up hill. The bed of the khud is entirely filled with tiny lagoons, artificially constructed, tier above tier, forming "rice-fields." They will become a sheet of the most vivid and beautiful green, but at present nothing is visible except a few yellow stalks floating on the surface of the little pools, which reflect every passing mood of the sky. The rice is celebrated for its extreme whiteness, and is almost unrivalled as table rice, but this benefits the middleman rather than the grower. Rice is not a paying crop, the persistent weeding required is very unhealthy work, as the crop is always standing in water. A diligent owner is sure, sooner or later, to be seized with low fever; then the crop is left to take care of itself, and bankruptcy follows.

On the higher levels you can see the tea-gardens, generally belonging to Europeans, principally to Englishmen, and in which an enormous number of coolies find employment, as many as six or seven hundred being employed in one garden.

As the morning advances all kinds of wayfarers pass through the khud. There is the merchant with stuffs from Cashmere. And there is the chattie man, carrying a number of big red jars with open mouths and bulging sides, miraculously disposed in two nets, and slung across his shoulders on a bamboo pole.

Then there is the duck man. He has come up

150 miles from Ludhiana in the plains below. On his ramshackle little pony, scores of ducks are packed in panniers. Their plumage is dark, almost black. They quack all together, and quack



CHATTIE SELLER.

every moment, till the noise is deafening and almost drives the purchaser crazy. The duck man will take eight rupees a score from Europeans, seven rupees from natives. Even at eight rupees you get five ducks for three shillings. They are good sizeable ducks, and after a few days' feeding are fit for table.

There are strings of coolies winding up the zigzag paths, men and women clad in a striped brown blanketing which is very effective. One gang carries deal planks, another square tea-boxes strapped on their shoulders, then come the charcoal carriers with upright baskets like the "trottes" used by the Swiss peasants.

As noon approaches they gather round the *baniya's* hut for their midday meal. There under that spreading tree they cook dishes of curry and rice in shining brass vessels over charcoal fires. A more picturesque scene cannot be imagined. You long for a Rembrandt to immortalise it. The "*baniya*" is a grain merchant, and the interior of his hut is a harmony in brown of which his orange turban forms the keynote. Reticent and watchful, he detects at a glance which customer will prove a bad debtor.

Modern painters are continually crying out for fresh subjects—surely there is a field in India which would yield a rich harvest. Native life teems with models full of interest, and that could hardly fail to be popular in English galleries.

The neighbourhood of the khud is still full of the old Rajpoot families, curious illustrations of *noblesse oblige*. In almost every house are daughters compelled to perpetual spinsterhood, because there lack suitors of sufficiently noble lineage. They are

worthy descendants of the famous lady who, when the Emperor Aurungzebe sought her hand in marriage, wrote to her chivalrous lover, Raj Sing, the following pithy epistle: "Is the swan to be the mate of the stork, a Rajpootin princess the wife of the monkey-faced barbarian?" History relates that the knight proved equal to the occasion, and the scornful little lady was rescued from the Mogul troops at the foot of the Aravulli hills. There is a real pathos in the fate of modern Rajpoot maidens. For these heroic, fastidious little souls the nineteenth century has yet to find a vocation.

Rajpoot ladies were celebrated formerly for their needlework, an exquisite sense of touch enabling them to divide the strands of silk in a wonderful manner. Handkerchiefs may be obtained embroidered with figures of animals and men in which the stitches require a microscope. These are, however, becoming rare. Like other beautiful needlework nearer home, it is no longer thought worth while, crowded out in this utilitarian age.

As the afternoon sets in, you will notice the apothecary from the nearest town. Bestriding a wooden-looking horse, whose every joint seems to jerk by some machinery, his progress is slow and sure. With wide Turkish trousers tucked into great jack boots, a turban and a frock coat, he presents a sufficiently remarkable costume, an indication of the Anglo Hindoo jargon of which he is master.

When the shadows begin to lengthen there



A BANIIA'S HUT.

comes a procession of kahars carrying doolies. The sweat pours down their brown limbs and drops from their shaggy hair. Toiling, perspiring, panting, they move rapidly along, grunting in a sort of rhythmical cadence, which once heard is never forgotten. As the shoulder is released from the stout bamboo pole, it seems as though wind and muscle have been strained to exhaustion,

but the next instant the light-hearted kahars, as they take their turn for a whiff at the cherished hookah, are exchanging witticisms regarding the Sybarite they are carrying, whose doolie is either a luxurious couch, or a rack of excruciating torture according to the skill or inaptitude of the bearers.

Less travel-stained are the coolies carrying "dandies" in which the European ladies of the valley go to church, to tennis, and dinner parties. A "dandy" resembles a skeleton boat so portable that the bearers can run at a great pace. With a cushion at the bottom it is very comfortable unless the bearers, "jampans" as they are called, according to the proverb *More haste less speed*, should let the dandy fall, when it is said that the process of finding your own level is not agreeable.

Perhaps the most curious fact with regard to all these "odd people" remains to be told. They never molest a stranger. They neither heave a brick at him, as in the more enlightened parts of our own manufacturing districts, nor do they levy blackmail after the fashion of southern Europe. Although in their estimation you may be a *Cresus*, they will never ask you for the smallest coin. The only thing a coolie will ask is a match to light his extinguished hookah.

Men are not the only queer creatures to be met with in the khud. A couple of cheetahs usually reside in the nullah. They only go abroad after sunset, and by choice their diet is mutton. In the autumn they go up to meet the returning Guddis, and will follow every march of the flock, crouching behind the rocks to pounce on a stray sheep. In the absence of mutton, they prefer small dogs; men they will only attack when driven by fierce hunger, and even then they will seize the hapless native rather than the European. Bears are plentiful, and the white leopard is found occasionally near the snow line. His skin is very valuable. In the pleasant summer mornings and evenings, the lower slopes of the khud are invaded by troops of monkeys, leaping, bounding, springing along. The elasticity and buoyancy of their movements can hardly be

realised by those who have only seen them in captivity. They climb the trees and devour the half-withered fruit, they play and sport and chatter. Excellent barometers are they, for when mischief is brewing no monkey stirs from home; they are never seen but in settled weather.

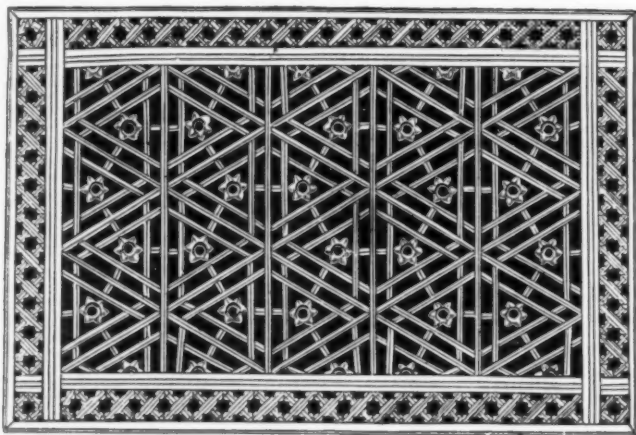
Winged game is abundant, including the beautiful Monal and Argus pheasants. Indeed bird life is very largely represented, from the great vulture that comes soaring down the gorge, through every variety of kite and hawk, to the flights of green parrots with their pretty red heads, the bulbuls, doves, and minas, the magnificent kingfishers, and the wonderful birds with the long white tails, looking as if they had robbed a cotton factory, while in June you may still hear the liquid notes of the cuckoo.

Descending to things that creep, there is a liberal supply of snakes. Only one small kind is venomous. The larger snakes, six feet long, are good-natured and amiable. With the peculiarity of their race they shed their skins, and it is a curious sight when the planter during his early rounds comes suddenly upon six feet of empty snake-skin standing out straight and stark from a tea-bush.

If you have patience to linger till dusk, a thousand fireflies dart hither and thither, and you may dimly observe superb moths setting out on their career of conquest. Some measuring ten inches across the wings, with salmon spots on a ground of pale green. It is too dark to appreciate their beauty, but to-morrow they will be found dazed in the sunshine and may be examined at leisure.

Most lovely is the khud at night, when the torrent is sleeping and the heavens wake with their myriad points of light; but stargazing is profitless, and leads to the song of the sluggard in the morning. While the twilight deepens, bid farewell to the khud; something of regret will mingle with your adieu, and you may possibly be tempted to reflect that a khud contains more odd people and things than are dreamt of in Western philosophy.

E. CARRINGTON.



A CASHMERE WINDOW

THE PELLER'S GARNE.

A CORNISH SKETCH.



ALL along the coast between Porthjulyan and Porthgreeb—some five miles—the sea is faced by a continuous line of cliff and steep hillside, rising abruptly, here from a narrow shore of sand or rock, there out of deep water; and this way a little-frequented

footpath goes connecting the two villages. Considered merely as a footpath it has little to recommend it; it is neither level nor smooth; it is easy to lose and hard to find again; when it encounters a protruding rock or a patch of boggy ground, as it frequently does, it makes no attempt to avoid or surmount the obstacle, but simply breaks off, and resumes its course on the other side. It has not even the merit of directness, but is for ever climbing up and down the cliff from start to finish. But at least its eccentric character secures an abundance of variety, and even a spice of adventure; and surely no footpath ever led the traveller among lovelier and more romantic places.

At one time you are taken along the hilltop, looking down almost vertically, four hundred feet, to the sea; and the sea is a vast track of adorable blue, stained here and there with streaks of green and glaucous yellow, flecked by the wind with nameless colours, and patched with the purple of voyaging cloud-shadows. The waves are as delicate wrinkles; a fishing-boat running home under the land is a tiny brown spot, like a water-insect, which you would never discover in the great waste but for the white lines that diverge from its stern; the low-flying gulls are specks of foam on the surface, endowed with an errant volition and wandering independent of wind and tide. The blue sea seems immeasurably below you, the blue sky is not so very far above; the upland air is invigorating and caressing, a happy lark sings and sings over your head—and you may keep from leaping and shouting if you can.

But perhaps the capricious track makes a sudden dive, and you descend over grassy slopes, through furzy, rock-strewn crofts, the sound of the waves growing louder on your ears, till the hillside breaks away, and you are skirting a low cliff that hangs green-clad over a shore of silver-white sand, where romance is continually woven in rhythmic pomp of

breakers, in lyric spray and rhyming curves of foam. And now the music comes from below, from the wrens shrilling as they dart about the pendent foliage that drapes the cliff.

Or you are led round the base of a rocky headland, and come upon a tranquil bay hemmed in with red rocks; and running inland from the bay is a sheltered valley, brimmed to the mouth with greenery. The trees wave almost to the water's edge; the white falls of a stream shine under walls of ivied rock; there is a glimpse of a white cottage above; you hear the clatter of an unseen mill-wheel and the laugh of a distant woodpecker. It is a little happy green world by itself—a world that never knows the bitterness of frost, where winter scarcely ventures, and autumn lingers beyond its time, to touch hands at last with spring.

Or you find the path rising and the cliff growing rockier and more abrupt; and presently you are peeping over a precipice—a sheer two hundred feet of granite wall, flanked on either side with fantastic pinnacles and battlements, and heaped-up, toppling masses, all coloured with gay patches of green, crimson, and orange lichen. Here all day the air is rent with harsh cries and beaten with an innumerable traffic of white wings and black; for a city of birds lies below you. Troops of jackdaws wheel to and fro. Gulls and kittiwakes scream and yelp and mew from every ledge. A raven floats past croaking; and far below the cormorants clap their wings in the sun, and the guillemots dive, and the dotterels and sandpipers come and go in flocks over the sea.

If it be spring or early summer, your way is starred with flowers in undreamt-of profusion. In April come together the brief beauty of the blackthorn and the more enduring glory of the gorse. There are places where the cliff from base to summit is one great thicket of blackthorn and gorse. Think of it—a whole cliffside hidden, smothered in blossom, orange and white—a miraculous association of fire and snow springing between the dark blue sea and the pale blue sky! In April, too, the primroses line the edges of the cliff, and the sea-pink nods on its slender stalk, and the white campion shows its porcelain blossoms, and the celandine is prodigal of its gold. Later, the harebell floods the shady places among rocks with sheets of gleaming azure—mimic seas or skies, as you will; the hawthorn repeats the blackthorn's story; and bramble, foxglove, and heather take up the burden of loveliness and carry it on far past the year's climax.

Of late years people have begun to discover that the soil of these warm southern slopes, where wild things spring in such profusion, is capable of being turned to more profitable account. In parts, near farms and villages, you will find the hillside cleared

and divided up by hedges into market plots, where early vegetables are raised. This is not the case as yet anywhere between Porthgreeb and Porthjulyan. Probably it will be soon; but when the time comes, let no man claim the title of pioneer and first reclamer of the soil, for long ago, as I am about to tell, one from Porthgreeb tilled a plot on the slopes, and grew strange crops therein.

One day, going from Porthgreeb in the direction of Porthjulyan, and being about a mile from the former place, having wandered down some distance from the path, and gotten into a maze of thorn-bushes and boulders on the slopes near the shore, I came suddenly upon an unexpected sight. It was a piece of enclosed ground, some twenty feet square, and surrounded by a low wall of rough-cast stone, which had fallen away in places, leaving several gaps. All the space within was one tangle of brambles, and brambles and thorns grew densely all about, rendering a near approach difficult. Plainly, the place had been deserted for years.

And I began to wonder who, in the first instance, could have chosen such an isolated spot for a garden—if, as its modest size hinted, it had been a garden, fit to grow a few rows of beans and potatoes. Why had he come here, when there were places in plenty along the cliffs, in every way as suitable, while nearer the village and easier of access? It was really quite puzzling; so when I returned to Porthgreeb I questioned a fisher friend, describing the place.

Yes, he thought he knew what I meant. People thereabouts called it the Peller's Garne.

Now, a peller is a wizard or wise man, and a garne is, as we say in English, a garden.

Why was it called the Peller's Garne? He didn't know. Nobody knew. That was the name it had always gone by. 'Twas a wisht place, he thought. No one ever went near it. Presently he added, in a hesitating tone, and as if deprecating ridicule, that "people *did* say the piskies did resort there."

This was interesting, and I resolved to make further inquiries. But these were quite unsuccessful. No one, not even the oldest inhabitant, could tell me more than I had already learned. If, as its name seemed to hint, there had ever been a tradition attached to the place, it had been quite forgotten.

However, I did not despair. Perhaps the place itself, by judicious questioning, might be made to yield up its secret story. I paid it many visits, and asked, and pondered, and listened; and sometimes a gull dropped a hint as it flew past; and sometimes a raven would perch on a rock above me and croak an enlightening word; and the grasshoppers could not be chattering all day to each other without an occasional reference to the matter; and so, bit by bit, the whole story came out. And this is it.

THE LEGEND.

Many years ago, long before Wesley went to Cornwall, when the old speech was still current, and the old beliefs still flourished among the

people, there lived at Porthgreeb an old man known as Michael Vean—or Little Michael—whose fame as a peller was in the mouths of ten parishes. For warts and whitlows there was never his equal in the West Country; toothaches and rheumatic pains vanished under his touch; he had infallible charms to draw the pilchards into the fisherman's nets, and to ensure the quick success of the farm-wife's butter-making operations; and many a love-sick maid, her errant sweetheart recalled, had cause to bless his name. Withal, he was a pleasant, neighbourly old chap, full of humour and sound doctrine. People respected without fearing him for his powers, for he was never known to use those powers amiss; and altogether he was popular as no peller has ever been before or since.

Michael, they say, knew more of the ways and doings of the Little People than any man that ever lived. Piskies, spriggans, knockers, and brownies—he had close acquaintance with them all—knew every step of their feet, as the saying is. He held the secret, people said, of the magic ointment, which, when rubbed on the eyes, endows with sight of the things of fairyland. For him all places, the shore, the fields, the moors, the very streets and houses, were a-bustle all day with crowds of little delicate creatures, going about their unseen business, bargaining, quarrelling, thieving, love-making, playing a thousand pretty pranks round the clumsy feet and under the purblind eyes of us gross mortals. So 'twas a wisht thing to company with Little Michael. 'Twas strange to see his eyes turn about, following something that moved here and there, and you could not see it; 'twas strange and wisht to see him grin and laugh outright, and you knew not at what merry sight, nor would he tell you, for, like a wise man, he always kept the piskies' counsel; 'twas strange, too, to mark him nod his head in time to music which you could not hear, strain your ears as you might. Passing by his door, you might hear him talking in such tones as people use in question and answer, and yet, if you looked in, he would be alone. And one, who once crossed the moors with Michael on a dark night, declared that all the way as they went the path before them was lit up as if some one was holding a lantern for them, but no lantern could he see.

With Michael's fame went the fame of Michael's Garne, which few had seen but all had heard of. Michael had chosen for his garne a secluded spot, a mile from the town, on the hill-slope at the edge of the cliff by the sea, where none would come to filch or pry. It was a tiny garne—not more than a single *lace* of ground it covered. Painfully and laboriously had he cleared and levelled it; digging up enough stones at the work to form the hedge that went round it. But when the work was done, the brambles cleared away, and the roots stubbed up, there was left a bit of ground that would grow anything. Rich and dark the soil was, and it sloped like a house-roof to the south, face to face with Master Sun. A spring rose to the surface near by, but not too near; and just below was a little beach of sand, where every storm brought stores of oarweed—and there is

nothing like sand and oarweed to feed good land with. 'Twas a brave and fine splat of ground, sure enough. And in it Michael Vean teeled every kind of herb, medicinal and magical, that he had learned to use in his art. To gather their roots he had travelled all over Cornwall, from the Tamar to Sennen Cliffs; he had dared to cross into England, among the foreigners; perhaps he had even made a far more bold and distant voyage, for there were strange plants growing in the garne which none knew the name of, and, as some were inclined to think, never grew on earthly soil before.

Early and late, summer and winter, Michael worked at his garden, spading, planting, weeding, and gathering. And hereby his friendship with the piskies stood him in good stead. 'Tis well known that the piskies are not unskilled in the oldest of trades themselves. To this day, as you climb about the shore, a little above high-water mark, you may see here and there, in corners and clefts among the rocks, little beds of what seem to be sea-pinks, and campions, and golden celandines, growing more neatly and primly than wild flowers are wont to do. You will still find old folk who will tell you that these are really piskies' garnes, and that the flowers, for all their resemblance to sea-pinks, and campions, and celandines, are not ordinary flowers at all, but fairy blossoms, which become precious jewels when gathered according to the rites. But what the rites are, no one knows. Michael Vean knew in the old days, but he was too honourable to meddle with his little friends' treasures. And in return for this, and for who knows what services besides, and because of the love they bore to the gentle craft, the piskies took Michael's garden under their protection. It would have gone ill if they had not; for the crofts all about swarmed, and swarm to this day, with the brown nibbling tribes, rabbits, hares, mice, and voles, badgers that dig into soft soil wherever they find it, in search of worms and beetles, and burrowing moles, the despair of gardeners all the world over. There were enough vermin about to have destroyed the garden in an hour, if the piskies had not mounted guard over it day and night.

It soon became known among the wild creatures that Michael's property was under fairy protection, and then the most venturesome young rabbit was prudent enough to give it a wide berth; for to offend the piskies is a serious matter, and the most cunningly devised and intricately winding burrow affords no shelter from the maddening pricks of their little spears. Even the snails, slow-witted as they are, and hard to move from their dim purposes, took warning, and left Michael and his herbs in peace.

Michael had a rival. At Porthjulyan, five miles off, dwelt another peller, whose name was Michael too; but him they called Michael Bras, or Big Michael, because of his great size, and to distinguish him from Michael Vean. In truth they were as vastly different in character as in appearance. The reputation of Michael Bras was as dark and tangled as his black matted beard. To no peaceful, healing purposes did he apply his

magic knowledge. Folk did not come to him, as they came to Michael Vean, to be cured of their ills and to gain the favour of their loved ones; but those who had enemies and wished to work them harm, those who were in pursuit of unlawful gains and feared detection, those whose hearts were eaten up with malice, and envy, and uncharitableness, they were those who came knocking at the door of Michael Bras. He was hand in glove with the wreckers; many a storm was put down to his influence; many a strong ship was drawn by his spells upon the rocks. He was hated and feared as much as Michael Vean was loved and trusted; and it was only natural that he should nourish a deadly enmity against his rival—the enmity dark things have for fair. They had come into conflict, too, and the big peller had been worsted by the little one.

There was one Trevanion, farmer of Trevail, on the hills, against whom some in Porthjulyan nourished a grudge. So they went to Michael Bras with presents, and by laying certain spells he caused Trevanion to fall sick, so that his life was in danger. But Trevanion, suspecting the nature of his sickness, sent for Michael Vean, who gave him herbs from his garden, and worked counter-spells till he began to recover. Michael Bras, when he heard of this, was in a fury, and, shutting himself up for a night alone, brewed the strongest of his spells—a horrible and a deadly one, and launched it at Trevanion. But Michael Vean was ready, and again he worked a counter-charm, and saved Trevanion. And so day after day the two pellers fought for the life of Trevanion—a strange fight, for the one was in Porthgreb, the other in Porthjulyan, while the sick man lay, away from both, in the hill farm at Trevail. Six days they fought, till all Big Michael's wizardry was exhausted, and, his strength giving way, he fell senseless at the moment when Trevanion sprang from his bed whole and well.

Michael Vean would take no payment or present, such as the grateful Trevanion was eager to make, but said:

"Some day I shall have need of one to do me a great service. Promise, then, to come to my aid: and so shall you repay me." And Trevanion promised.

But Michael Bras was in a black rage, you may be sure. He vowed vengeance, and, casting about for means to wreak it, he bethought him of the garden Michael Vean had made by the sea. It would be a pretty bit of wickedness, he thought, to go secretly by night to the garden and spoil it, carrying off the rarest herbs for his own use and destroying the rest. The piskies might try to stop him, but Michael Bras was a match for the piskies. So one fine dark night he set out along the cliffs, carrying a spade over his shoulder, and running over in his mind a spell, brand-new and very nasty, wherewith to settle the little people. On he went, stumbling and muttering, until he rounded Pedn Du—the Black Headland—from which the garne is visible by day. And behold, the garne and the parts about it were all alive with little twinkling glow-worm lights, that shifted about, gathering in knots and separating, waving, vanishing, rekindling

on the black hillside. Plainly, the piskies had wind of his coming, and were on the alert. On he went, with much confidence overlying a lurking uneasiness.

The path was narrow and irregular. Presently his foot caught in a bramble. He stumbled and recovered himself. Another bramble clutched him, and another. The path was choked with a thorny tangle, that wound about his legs, and clasped his body, and thrust itself in his face.

He tore himself free and pushed on. Now he was near the place. He quickened his steps, and ran against a blank wall of rock where no rock should be. Bewildered and furious, he turned aside and plunged down through the bushes. The night was stark about him; but out of the darkness on every side, to the right, to the left, at his feet and overhead, the lights of the piskies' lanterns began to dance, first singly, then by dozens, then by hundreds and thousands. His head swam; he tried to utter his sinful spells, but his tongue was tied; he tried to remember in what direction he was going, but in vain. He rushed blindly on, clambering over boulders, sliding and rolling down steep places, splashing through bogs, tearing his flesh among thorn-brakes, in a mad, undirected frenzy.

In the morning, a fisherman, going to Porthgreeb by the cliffs, found him lying senseless across the path, his face and hands covered with scratches, his clothes torn to rags and covered with mud. Soon the word went about the country that Michael Bras, the terrible wizard, had been pisky-led on Pedn Du cliffs. You may guess there was some amazement and much talk, and not a little chuckling.

You may be sure, too, that Michael Bras did not attempt to meddle with Michael Vean's garden or molest him in any way again.

But time went on, and Michael Vean was very old. And time went on, and Michael Vean was on his death-bed, for even the wisest peller must die at last. Then he sent for Trevanion, whom he had befriended, and reminded him of his promise. And Trevanion renewed it with many words of gratitude and affection. So Michael Vean said:

"I shall die before night; and when I am dead there is a thing must be done, or the world will come to harm. In my little garden, which I have teeled with love, and shall teel no longer, there are herbs of dangerous strength which must not fall into evil hands. Michael Bras will run there when he hears I am dead, and he must not have a single leaf. The garden must be destroyed," said Michael Vean, and sighed.

"Never fear, uncle," cried Trevanion. "I will take a spade, and spade it up from end to end."

Michael shook his head. "There are herbs which it is death to touch with an ignorant hand," he said. "No mortal must enter the garden; but there are others who will do the work. Now listen, and do as I tell you. When the breath is out of my body, do you go by the cliff to the white rock which stands above the garden. Stand there, and if the sun has not set, wait for his setting; and if the birds are singing, wait till they are silent. When everything is still and dusk, then cry out with a loud voice three times, '*Marow es Michael*

Vean' ('Dead lies little Michael'). Promise to do this without fail, and I can die in peace."

Trevanion promised, and soon after Michael Vean quietly gave up the ghost. Then Trevanion went by the cliff to the white rock above the garden. The sun was setting, and the birds were singing loudly. Trevanion sat and waited, watching the garden green below. The sun went down in orange and crimson, but the birds sang on. The western sky grew pale and empty of light; then it flushed with the afterglow; then that too faded. The birds were ceasing to sing; thrushes and blackbirds and robins began to dart about with queer clucking and tapping sounds. The sea was a spectral grey; a chill crept into the air. A single blackbird piped awhile; then it ceased abruptly, and there was silence for the coming of the stars.

The moment was come. Trevanion stood up, and three times in a loud voice he cried, "*Marow es Michael Vean*"—and paused. For a minute there was a stillness and hush as if the world had stopped moving. Then Trevanion heard—as if it was a singing in his ears—a wailing sound, soft and high-pitched, swelling and dying and swelling again. It came to an end, and after an interval was succeeded by what seemed to be a signal-call blown on a tiny bugle, not loud, but very shrill and piercing. Thrice the signal sounded, and then came a dead silence, while Trevanion waited in tense expectation of what should come next.

And the first happening was this. His eyes were on the garden below, when he saw a small brown creature scale the wall and leap within.

Next there was a rustling in the bushes hard by, and out came two hares and limped down towards the cliff. Close behind them, forth started a rabbit and followed. Something moved at Trevanion's feet. He looked down, and saw a little mound of earth freshly thrown up, and just beyond it the turf was heaving about the passage of some creature travelling along below the surface. It was a mole, bound in the same direction as the hares. Another hare passed, and more rabbits, and yet more. Their white tails flickered all about; the bushes everywhere rustled with their passage; and all were going steadily and swiftly down the hill. Trevanion watched in amazement, wondering what all this might mean. Presently he looked towards the green garden. No green garden was there. All he could see in the growing darkness was a brown patch which filled all the space between the walls. It stirred vaguely as he looked, and seemed to be alive.

Trevanion hesitated between fear and curiosity, till, curiosity winning, he picked his way between the rocks and bushes down to the garden. 'Twas a strange sight, sure enough. From side to side, from corner to corner, Michael's garden was a mass of living creatures, rabbits and hares in hundreds and hundreds, hiding every inch of the ground, and all steadily munching, munching. In the middle was the fat grey back and striped snout of a badger, feeding like the rest. They paid not the least regard to Trevanion, and he went away marvelling, and left them there.

Next day he came again; and what had been a

green garden was like a field ready for sowing. Every leaf had disappeared, and every stem. The mice and voles had eaten the roots, and the moles and badgers had ploughed and spaded up every

inch of soil. Not a sign of a green thing was left.

So was the Peller's Garne made a waste, and a waste it has remained to this day.

CHARLES LEE.

SEA-COLLISIONS AND THEIR PREVENTION.

THE greatest danger to which a traveller upon the sea is subjected nowadays is that of collision with another vessel. Less than a hundred years ago this was by no means the greatest danger. Ships were caught in heavy squalls and dismasted; they foundered in hurricanes; they ran upon unsuspected rocks; they drifted upon lee shores; they met with pirates or hostile warships; they were held by calms, or beat against strong head winds, until their provisions ran short and scurvy broke out amongst them. Among all these very real dangers that of collision was comparatively remote, for ships were less numerous and travelled less swiftly. To come down to much later dates, when steamers were fully recognised as the best means of sea-travelling, even yet the high speeds of the present day were very far from attainment, the seas were not so crowded, and keen competition had not inclined ship-masters to think they were betraying their owners' interests if they went half-speed in a fog. At the present day, however, the seas in many parts are very crowded with shipping, and the average speed is greatly increased, so that strong winds and heavy seas have less effect upon it whether for helping or hindering, and the passage from one port to another is accomplished with such regularity as to time, that a ship-master bringing his vessel in late is very apt to be blamed for it, often unjustly, by those who are thereby put to inconvenience or money loss. On the other hand, if a ship makes quicker passages under one master than she has been in the habit of doing under a previous one, the new man will get the credit of it, while the means by which this desirable end was attained—including frequently "close shaving," "high speed in fog," risky dead-reckoning navigation, and a beautiful trust in Providence throughout—is quite unsuspected by some, and winked at or applauded by others.

Thus, on the whole, it may be said that while evils such as those mentioned in the beginning of this article have been, and are, gradually diminishing, the danger of collision is more rampant to-day than ever it was.

Now let us consider a few of the reasons for this state of things. A more thorough survey of the seas and coasts, and a consequently more correct set of charts deduced therefrom, has diminished the number of unsuspected rocks and shoals upon which a ship can run, while a more

true presentment of coast-lines makes it less likely that a navigator will make the land unexpectedly. The shortness of passages which formerly took much longer to accomplish, the tinning of fresh meats and vegetables, the introduction of refrigerators and condensers, and many other changes have combined to practically do away with the evils of scurvy and running short of provisions. Steam, and the introduction and subsequent development of iron and steel in the building, masting, and rigging of both sailing ships and steamers, have considerably diminished the total of "lee-shore," "dismasting," and "foundering" disasters; while piracy as a profession has died a natural death in the presence of a stronger, more numerous, and more law-abiding marine community.

This is all very good. Evils have been fought against and have been either utterly annihilated or largely reduced. But when we come to consider the "collision" evil, there is quite another tale to tell. This monster has thrived and waxed more terrible upon some of those very changes which have been so prejudicial to the others. The "danger of collision" has increased with the increase of shipping, the increase of speed, and the increase of commercial competition. Has all been done, and is all being done, that might be, to reduce this danger? By no means. Let us examine the weapons we have used hitherto against the monster. Foremost among them stands the "Rule of the Road," a most honourable blade, and one that has done good service, though now it is getting notched and losing its edge. Here are some of the notches:—

(1) The "Rule" does not attempt to define what sort of noise a steamer's whistle should be capable of producing. Hence, from all sorts of steamers we get all sorts of noises, from a wheezy, bubbly, uncertain squeak to the deep, dull roar that, afar off, may easily be mistaken for a foghorn close to.

(2) The "Rule" does not define what it means by a "short blast" or a "long blast," nor does it state what intervals of silence are to be allowed between blasts.

(3) The utmost that a steamer under way can say to another vessel in a fog, is: "Here I am, under way." The "one short blast," "two short blasts," "three short blasts," which, to a vessel *in sight*, mean respectively, "I am directing my course

to starboard," "I am directing my course to port," "I am going full speed astern," have not, according to the "Rule," any meaning whatever if used in a fog.

(4) The "Rule" does not state how far off in clear calm weather foghorns and steamers' whistles *must* be audible. The "Rule" makes no provision against two-fifths of the sound of a steamer's whistle going up into the skies, where it is wasted, or against two more fifths of it descending and annoying the passengers and ship's company, and worrying the officer on the bridge and the look-out men, who are listening anxiously for other vessels. Perhaps only the remaining fifth hies forth to the surrounding waters.

(5) The "Rule" says nothing about the *placing* of the bell which is ordered to be rung, at least every two minutes, on board of a vessel at anchor in a fog. Consequently, on board of nearly every ship the same bell is used in the *same place* both for "fog warning" and for "striking the time," although for the former use the sound is required to go out upon the surrounding waters, to be heard on board of ships possibly in the vicinity, and is not required to be heard on board of the ship ringing it, while in the case of "time striking" the requirements are exactly *vice versa*. The remedy for this is, of course, in the hands of each individual ship-master, but it would be well if the "Rule" required that "fog bells" should be rung somewhere up aloft.

(6) The "Rule" only requires the *Campania*, a vessel of over 600 feet long, to carry the same kind of riding-light and at the same height, as the *Mary Ann* fishing smack. On a dark, rainy, moonless night it is frequently quite impossible for a vessel under way to tell how far beyond her visible riding light the vessel carrying it extends. For all that can be seen she may be the *Campania* or she may be the *Mary Ann*. The only safe course is to give the riding light a wide berth in passing.

(7) The foghorns used on board most sailing vessels, though quite up to Board of Trade requirements, make too feeble a noise. Considering the fact that *every* steamer has to keep out of the way of *every* sailing vessel—save only in the very rare case of a sailing vessel overtaking a steamer—their sound signals should be more powerful.

In some other respects the "Rule of the Road" falls short of requirements. The powers that be are apparently about to repair the blade, or to replace it with another, which it is earnestly hoped will not be less efficient than the present one.

There are two other weapons which might be used against the "collision" monster, but which most frequently are not. They are:

(a) The institution of at least three watches for officers on ocean-going vessels.

(b) Adequate protection from the weather on steamers' bridges.

In connection with (a) it is to be noted that in nearly all sailing vessels, and in the vast majority of steamers, the old system of four hours on watch and four off, is still adhered to, besides which there are generally duties to be performed by an officer during his watch below, such as navigation, log-

copying, preparation of cargo-books and manifests, and other matters, as well as the relieving of the officer on watch for his meals. Also it very frequently happens, and in some ships it *regularly* happens, that the officers and crew are hard at work discharging and loading cargo all day in one port, finishing by the evening, and then getting under way for the next port, arriving there by day-break, in time to commence another hard day with the cargo, the best part of the night having been spent on the bridge, instead of in obtaining the rest which any labourer ashore would have had after a similar day's work. Is it not obvious that a ship is in greater danger of collision if there be a sleepy, exhausted man in charge of the bridge, than if he be fresh and wakeful, with all his wits about him, to say nothing of the claims of humanity involved? I have myself frequently been in charge on a steamer's bridge when I was so drowsy that it was absolutely impossible to prevent my eyelids closing and my head dropping forward every now and then in spite of my very strong sense of responsibility, while the man at the wheel and the look-out man were in very much the same state. Providence is the real officer of the watch on such occasions. Consider, also, that the twelve hours out of the twenty-four, which are nominally at the disposal of the ship-officer for sleeping and private purposes, are not in one continuous period, but are broken up into four-hour pieces, while at least half the duty of a sea voyage is night duty, which is regarded on shore to some extent as an unnatural condition. As for Sundays and holidays, these items, which are prized by most landmen as periods of well-earned relaxation and enjoyment, are usually quite unrecognised on the sea. A ship does not stop for Sunday, and requires the same attention whatever be the day.

From all of which the fact stands out clearly that the officer of the watch at sea is generally suffering more or less from want of sleep; and this fact makes in favour of collision. Surely a ship-officer, with his frequently hard life, and his constant responsibilities, is worthy of as much leisure as every policeman on shore gets, to say nothing of the danger of allowing a ship under way to be in charge of a sleepy man! I may mention here that watch-keeping lieutenants in the Royal Navy think themselves very hardly treated when they are, by some emergency, reduced to keeping three watches, while the old watch and watch system is practically unknown among them.

In relation to (b) the point I wish principally to press is this. It is difficult for a man to keep a good and efficient look-out with rain and spray blowing constantly into his eyes. In a high-speed steamer, with half a gale of wind from ahead, accompanied by rain or sleet and spray, I maintain that it is impossible to keep such a look-out as is due to the safe conduct of the ship without a suitable shelter fitted with rolled-glass panes or ports. The principal objection I have heard raised against the use of glass is the fact that it becomes dimmed with salt and damp. This is a most short-sighted and shallow objection. Here is the case fully stated. In moderate weather, or with wind, rain, and spray from any direction except nearly ahead,

the glass is not necessary and the look-out can be kept better without it. With the wind blowing from ahead, or nearly so, with light rain or an occasional spray, the glass will be dimmed. It will under these circumstances be no great hardship to keep a look-out in the open, or, if required, the glass can be wiped from time to time. But through all the gradations from this sort of weather to the worst it is possible for a steamer to make headway against—a hard gale with continuous rain or sleet, and flying sprays which in many ships approximate very closely to “green seas”—the glass will be constantly and uniformly wet and clear, and the best of look-outs can be kept through it, while outside it may be quite impossible to face it, much less keep a fair look-out against it. There are a few steamers on whose bridges shelter-structures with look-out panes have been erected—in most cases as an after-thought, by the ship's carpenter, as being a matter quite too trivial for the draughtsman or shipbuilder to have bothered about when the bridges were being built. But in the greater number of steamers the only protection from the weather is supplied by canvas “weather-screens,” or “dodgers,” stretched between stanchions—a primitive method that the Vikings may have used in their galleys. If a weather-screen be properly set it will shoot the wind off very effectively, and, whatever direction it may be blowing from, in dry weather a good look-out can be kept over the top. But it will not shoot off rain and spray, the flying drops of which, by reason of their weight, preserve their original direction almost unaltered, and anyone holding his eyes in such a position as to be able to see the sea properly over the top of the weather-screen, will get rather more water into them than he would if he stood out clear of it altogether.

My second and last point is this. There seems to be a notion in the minds of many who ought to know better, including both seamen and people ashore connected with shipping, that a ship-officer must be exposed to a certain amount of discomfort in the performance of his duties or he will not perform them conscientiously or fully realise his responsibility. It is considered that there is great danger of his going to sleep if you make him too

comfortable, and there are some who even consider that weather-screens or dodgers are too much luxury for him. It is hard to answer such objections dispassionately. A man has a certain amount of heat and energy in him, and it is obvious that if he be exposed for long hours to cold, wind, and wet he will lose more of it, and consequently have less to spend upon the performance of his duties, than if he be reasonably protected.

There was once a Yankee captain who did not realise this sort of truth. He lashed his look-out man up to the topsail sheets in front of the foremast, where he could command a fine view of the horizon ahead, and where—though that, of course, was a point of minor importance—the weather could command a fine view of him. They took him down in the morning, dead.

To summarise. The danger of sea-collision is a great evil, some of the causes of which are obvious enough, and are met more or less satisfactorily by a “Rule of the Road” which the powers that be are at present engaged in tinkering. Much attention is also paid to the efficiency of water-tight bulkheads, boats, rafts, and life-buoys, which, worthy though they be, are but of secondary importance, seeing that they only come into effect *after* the blow has been struck. But after all has been done that may be in the matter of making regulations and signal codes, their efficiency in sudden emergencies must primarily depend upon the conditions under which the responsible man has to work. If he is in a half-exhausted condition, he cannot be expected to have all his wits about him so thoroughly as if he be fresh, and the same remark also applies if he be unduly exposed to severe weather. If his eyes be aching with water and salt flying against them, his power of looking out must suffer; and if his ears be full of the din of his own steam-whistle and the sound of the water breaking from his own bows, he cannot be expected to hear an approaching ship's sound signal as soon as he otherwise would. The number of frightful collision disasters will never now be known, the causes of which, as elicited by courts of inquiry, were merely the immediate and more obvious causes, while the deeper root-causes were never even touched.

WALTER JOHNSON, LIEUTENANT R.N.R.





OCCASIONALITIES.

A Convict
Hulk.

There has been lying for the last few weeks in the East India Docks, close to Blackwall Station, a remarkable vessel. This is the "dark-cell drill ship" *Success*, an old East Indiaman, built of teak at Moulmein in 1790, and of the massive bluff-bowed type characteristic of her age and class. For nearly half a century she traded to the Indies, and in 1849 went to Australia as an emigrant ship. On her second voyage to Melbourne, in 1851, her crew deserted and hurried up to the goldfields, and she was sold to the Victorian Government, who converted her into a prison hulk of unusual strength. At the same time the Victorians bought four other ships, the *President*, *Lysander*, *Sacramento*, and *Deborah*, the ruffianism consequent on the gold rush having taxed the resources of the colonial prison department to the uttermost. The other four vessels were broken up; the *Success* remains as an object-lesson of man's brutality to the brutish. She looks a horrible object by the side of the smart clippers amidst which she is moored, but she is one of the most interesting things ever seen in London. Here is prison discipline as it existed forty years ago in all its glory, and one cannot look upon it without a shudder. She is just as she was left, with cells, instruments, and records complete, and wax figures doing duty for the convicts. Among these figures there is one of Power, the bushranger, who was sentenced to fifteen years' confinement on board; and there is another, somewhat humorously represented as a reformed character and decent member of society, silk hat, and so on, after he had "done" his time and been engaged by the purchasers of the hulk "to be of interest to visitors"! Another figure is that of a black man who served his time—and a very rough time—and is now flourishing as a restaurant keeper. There are a few others who seem to have been reformed, but how such treatment could reform any man is a mystery. There are sixty-eight cells in the ship, built along the sides on the main and lower decks, and on each deck is a "tigers' den," a sort of

heavily barred loose box, in which the worst characters were herded together. The dangerous prisoners were on the lower deck, chained in their cells so that they could only just reach the door, the plank near the doorway being in many cases worn into by the prisoner's feet as he waited for the warder to hand him in his bread and water. In some of the cells there is a ring about a yard from the deck, through which the prisoner's arm was passed, so that with the big figure of eight handcuffs on he had to kneel or rest against the ship's side, it being impossible for him to stand upright. In the open corridor are the bilboes, in which the prisoner's neck was fastened to an iron bar, while his feet were secured in a kind of stirrups so as to keep him in a stooping posture. The iron work is all appallingly heavy—some of the men had to drag eighty pounds weight about with them—and one of the noteworthy fittings of the ship is a wheel aloft, by means of which a sort of cage was hauled up with the men in it to take an airing, the fetters and manacles being too heavy for them to walk up the stairs with. Another peculiar feature on the upper deck is the bath, or "coffin," in which the prisoners—two or three at a time—were soaked and pumped on and scrubbed by the warders with long-handled brushes. In the bows, just behind the figure-head, are the two sentry-boxes, in which warders or police were on duty day and night. Among the wax figures of notorious residents in this terrible ship, most of whom seem to have been Irishmen, there is a group representing the murder of the superintendent, who, after years of tyranny, was done to death by one of the shore gangs with spades and pickaxes, the man who struck the first blow having been here nearly seventeen years, and having only two months to serve to gain his liberty. The death of this superintendent, the Maurice Frere of Mr. Marcus Clarke's "*His Natural Life*," led to a general overhauling of the system and great amelioration in the punishments. Another of the groups is the Kelly gang of bushrangers, and hanging on the upper deck is Ned Kelly's armour,

helmet, breastplate, back plate, and skirt complete, made of eighth of an inch iron plate, and weighing 92 lbs. A man who could wear such a weight as that for the love of plunder would hardly be inconvenienced by small chain cables such as his predecessors had to drag about with them.

In one of the later issues of the "Behar Times" that have reached us there is the following pathetic story, which we give as nearly as possible in the quaint Baboo English in which it is told: "Satti has now been abolished, but there are many faithful wives who by abandoning their food and drink after the death of their husbands put an end to their lives. The following recent instance of a true Satti occurred in Sirsia, a village in the district of Sarun. There was a man by name Ramanugrah Singh, aged about nineteen years, by caste Rajpoot, whose amiable disposition made him loved by all the people of his village. His Duragawan took place in July last, and he brought his wife home from her father's house. It is needless to say how they loved each other. Unfortunately, in the beginning of the present month the husband was laid up with fever. The physicians were called for, but without any success. When his wife learnt that there was no hope of her husband's recovery, she asked her mother-in-law to show her the face of her husband, as she had newly come from her father's house, and according to the custom of the country had not liberty to go to her husband in the presence of relatives. At last she was taken to the bedside of her husband and saw his face. She wished to talk to him, but as he was unconscious she could not say anything. Being convinced that the death of her husband was inevitable, she put off all her ornaments and beat her breast two or three times, abandoned her food and drink from that time, and was laid up with an attack of fever on the same day. She died on the next day one hour before the death of her husband, and was burnt with her lord on the same pile."

The once promising Swiss colony on Mas-a-tierra has, after eighteen years' struggle, ended in failure. According to the latest returns it has been reduced to twenty-nine persons, of whom only a few are to be left to be employed in making jam for a German firm. Prosaic news this, from one of the most romantic spots on the globe; for Mas-a-tierra is no other than the Juan Fernandez so widely known as Robinson Crusoe's island. Of course it is not Crusoe's island, but the popular voice will have it so, and there is an end of the matter.

It is thirteen miles long, and four miles wide, and some four hundred miles or more from the American coast, being in no respect like the map of Crusoe's island published by Taylor in the third part of Defoe's romance in 1720. Nor does it in any way answer the description in the tale, but puts all the scenery the wrong way about: the sun rises on the wrong side, the mainland is on the wrong side, the visit from the savages impossible owing to the distance, etc., etc.

Defoe says on his title-page that the island was

near the Orinoco, and wrecks his hero while on a voyage from Africa bound to Brazil, meeting with the storm while steering for Barbados from lat. 12° 18' N. The fact is that Selkirk's narrative was published about the same time as "Crusoe," and the critics would have it, notwithstanding his protestations, that Defoe had availed himself of the experiences of the marooned buccaneer.

For the real original of Crusoe we have to look, not to Selkirk's book, but to Paul Rycout's translation of Lasso de la Vega's "Royal Commentaries of Peru," issued in 1688, when Defoe was twenty-seven years old. On the third page of that fine old folio there is the story of Pedro Serrano, who was wrecked in the Caribbean Sea, and who swam ashore as Crusoe did, and spent seven years on the island, three of them in solitude and four with a companion who was also shipwrecked on it. Serrano lived upon cockles and shrimps and turtles and tortoises, some of the tortoises so big that he could not turn them over; his drink was rain-water caught in turtle-shells, some of the shells holding twelve gallons. To start a fire he unravelled a piece of his shirt for tinder and got a spark from pebbles, for which he had to dive in the sea; and when once the fire was lighted he kept it as if it were sacred, shielded from the weather in a shed of turtle-shells. We read that his hair grew all over him, and that when the rescuing boat at last appeared the men in her were so frightened at his appearance that he and his comrade had to shout the Creed and call upon the name of Jesus before they would believe that there was nothing Satanic about them. Serrano came home to be shown to Charles V, and afterwards returned to Panama to live on a comfortable annuity of 4,800 ducats a year allowed him by that monarch.

Juan Fernandez was discovered in 1563 by the Spanish pilot of that name, who stocked it with goats and pigs. It was well-known as a watering-place by the old voyagers. L'Ermite was there; so was Sharp in 1668, feeding his crew on the local pork, and salting down a hundred pigs for sea stores; Davis was there in 1687, leaving five of his crew, who were taken off in 1690 by Story; Dampier and Stradling were there in 1700, and it was Stradling who on a subsequent voyage, four years afterwards, there marooned his mate, Selkirk.

Sir Robert Rawlinson, the great engineer, has recently been calling attention to the value of a half-penny in surveying work. That humble coin was made the size it is with a view to its being a standard of measure, and is exactly one inch in diameter. If it is placed on an Ordnance map of an inch to the mile it covers an area of five hundred acres within one or two per cent, so that no one need be at a loss in roughly estimating areas. There are other coins that come in conveniently for similar purposes. A sixpence, for instance, is three-quarters of an inch across, and a half-crown is an inch and a quarter. A postage-stamp, too, is an inch high, and a Bank of England note is five inches high, the rough edge of the note and the perforation of the stamp having to be included.

Saint
Lawrence's
Well. About two miles from Ventnor on the road through the Undercliff is the famed Saint Lawrence's Well, which the Earl of Yarborough caused to be locked up during the summer of 1843. One day, the following lines, in pencil, were found fastened over the gate, and taken by a gentleman in the neighbourhood to his lordship, who was so much pleased with them that he gave directions for the well to be unlocked :

"This Well, we must own, is most splendidly placed,
And very romantic we think it ;
And the water no doubt would agreeably taste
If we could but get at it, to drink it.

"We wish that the person who owneth this Well,
May walk a long way and get knocked up ;
And then if it's pleasant or not he can tell
When he comes to some water that's locked up."

Some years later, when the new road was made, the part of the old road on which the well is situate became enclosed in private grounds, on the left-hand side from Ventnor ; but the public can now pass the well, if they know the gate, and come out of another gate on to the road again without going much out of their way. They will, however, find the well locked up again, unless the present owner takes this hint, which he might very well do, as the road is peculiarly hot and dusty, and the only hotel-keeper within a mile refuses to supply travellers with tea.

Coming over
with the Con-
queror. There is probably no man in England who is not descended from some one who came over with the Conqueror, and according to the peerage and landed-gentry books, Edward the Third would seem to be the common ancestor of the English race. There is nothing surprising in this when we consider that everybody had a father and mother, and that as we go backwards, ancestors double in the manner of the well-known problem of the grain of wheat on the chessboard squares. If we go back twenty generations to the time of Richard III we shall find that we can each claim over a million ancestors ; and if we continue our doubling until the later days of Edward III, we shall find that the number of our ancestors must have then been more than the whole population of the country. Even allowing for the marriage of near and distant relatives, the margin is sufficient for us all to claim that we came over with the Conqueror—whatever satisfaction that may be.

Our Old
Warships. A question has arisen as to what should be done with our old men-of-war, but it is overlooked that there are a score of them, independent of the naval training ships, doing excellent service round our coasts as training ships and reformatories. There is the *Arethusa* in the Thames, lent to Lady Burdett Coutts as a training ship for poor boys. The old *Clarence* is used as a Roman Catholic reformatory at Liverpool. The *Clio* is lent to the North Wales Association as a training ship for boys at Bangor.

The *Conway*, otherwise the old *Nile*, is a training college for mercantile marine officers at Liverpool. The *Cornwall* is the juvenile reformatory ship at Purfleet. The *Empress*, once the *Revenge*, is lent to the Clyde Industrial Training Ship Association. The *Exmouth* is in the Thames as the Metropolitan Asylums District training ship for pauper boys. The *Formidable* is lent to the Bristol Training Ship Committee. The old *Gibraltar*, now known as the *Grampian*, is lent to the Belfast Training Ship Committee. The *Havannah* is the Ragged School ship at Cardiff. The *Indefatigable* is a mercantile marine training ship for officers in the Mersey. The fine old trooper *Jumna* is to be turned into a training ship. The *Mars* is a training ship at Dundee. The *Mount Edgcumbe*, once upon a time the *Conway*, is a training ship at Devonport. The *Southampton* is a training ship at Hull. The *Warspite*, really the old *Conqueror*, is lent to the Marine Society at Charlton. The *Wellesley* is a training ship at Newcastle ; and the *Worcester*, which is the old *Frederick William* renamed, is the Thames Nautical College at Greenwich. Most of these are ships with histories, and, like many warriors, continue to do good work for the State in the peaceful pursuits of their old age.

Weather-
vanes. A good paper might be written on the archæology of weather-vanes ; perhaps it has been written. They are anything but modern either afloat or ashore. The inscription on one has come down to us, "Dominus Rampertus Episc. gallum hunc fieri præcepit an. 820," but others are much older than that. Varro had one which communicated with an arrow inside that worked round an ornamental ceiling, and the temple of Androgeus at Rome had a triton by way of weathercock. At Emessa in Syria in 1151 there was a copper statue of a horseman which turned with every wind like the midshipman on the tavern in Castle Street. London's most elaborate weather-vane is the ship over Mr. Astor's building, next to the School Board Offices on the Thames Embankment, and its biggest, the dragon on Bow Church, the next biggest being the old Bow Church dragon now on the spire down Bermondsey way. What a strange array of subjects have been chosen for showing which way the wind blows ! Down Limehouse way the fashion seems to run in fore and aft schooners lying-to with their headsails down. In other parts full-rigged ships under their spanker are met with. Our churches, besides the ordinary cock that welcomes the rising sun, have the key of St. Peter, the gridiron of St. Lawrence, the fiery serpent, the Roman cross, and even the spur, in the Johnstone country ; the plough, the peacock, and the pig also put in an appearance over barns, and also the fox—but why the fox should generally keep his nose to windward is a mystery, as a fox always runs down wind. One of the most elegant is a feather ; one of the commonest an arrow ; on railway works we get an engine ; over kennels a dog ; over gun works a cannon ; and over breweries a masher—not a two-legged one, although we have seen a figure in evening dress, with his swallow-tails flying, doing admirable work in showing which way the wind blows.

AMERICAN NOTES.

SCIENCE AND INVENTION.

Each year on the occasion of the University Boat Race a cable is laid in the Thames, that news of the race may be transmitted to the office of one of the news agencies in London, and distributed to the newspaper offices all over the country. This plan of a special cable was used on a more extensive scale outside New York harbour on the occasion of the International Yacht Race. The race was over a course outside Sandy Hook, the starting point being the lightship which marks the Hook for the benefit of vessels making for the harbour. The nearest available land telegraph lines were at Coney Island, eight miles distant from the lightship. From the island a cable of three wires was laid to the neighbourhood of the lightship. It was there made fast to a buoy, and each day, before the race began, a cable-laying steamer went out to the buoy, and made a connection with the cable. The reporters and telegraph clerks were accommodated on the steamer, and from the start until the end of the race bulletins were despatched to New York, and thence distributed all over the American continent, and to the European cities interested in the International contest. The plan worked satisfactorily, so satisfactorily that in the event of another great yacht race it is probable that a cable will be laid over the greater part of the course.

The United States Patent Office was established in 1790. An official report recently issued from Washington concerning women as patentees records the fact that nearly twenty years elapsed before a patent was issued to a woman. The first was in 1809, and was issued for a method of weaving straw with silk or thread. Six years later, one was issued for a corset. It was not until 1828 that more than one patent a year were issued to women. In 1862 only fourteen patents were issued to women, though this was a larger number than in any previous year. The great war between the North and the South, however, developed the inventive genius of women, and the annual number of patents issued to them rapidly increased. Many of the patents were for inventions of implements and materials of war and for hospital appliances and sick-room devices. From the Sixties the number of women patentees steadily increased. In 1870, it was sixty; in 1880, over ninety-two; in 1890, over two hundred; and in 1893, over three hundred. From 1809 to 1888 women's inventions averaged thirty a year. From 1888 to 1892, 230 a year; and since 1892, 280 a year. The classification of women's inventions shows that wearing apparel leads the list, with 160 different patents in two years and a half. Next come cooking utensils, with one hundred inventions; furniture, fifty-five; heating and washing or cleaning apparatus, with more than forty each; sewing and spinning devices and building apparatus, with about thirty each; educational and surgical apparatus,

toys and trunks, about twenty each. Other lines in which women have tried their inventive faculties are perambulators, barrel and bicycle attachments, printing and bottling apparatus, boxes and baskets, clocks, horseshoes, motors, musical instruments, plumbing and preserving devices, screens, stationery, theatrical apparatus, toilet articles, and typewriter attachments. Few of the patents issued to women were for entirely new creations. Excluding those specially concerning women's work, most of the patents were for improvements on some previously existing device.

For the present, at any rate, electricity is being much more generally and more variously used in the United States than in England. This is most apparent as concerns tramways. According to a recent authoritative computation, there are now in the United States 44,745 street or tram cars, of which no fewer than 30,000 are propelled by electricity. This retirement of the horse and the mule has taken place entirely within the last five or six years. The vast majority of these electric cars are worked on what is known as the overhead trolley system, an unsightly and rather dangerous system which, so far in England, has not been tried except at Leeds and in the Potteries. Nearly all the cities of the United States with populations exceeding 10,000, and at least half of those with populations between 2,500 and 10,000, have street railways. Before the era of electricity, the majority of the horse-car railroads were unprofitable, the gross receipts ranging from one shilling to eight shillings per annum for each inhabitant of the district served, and seldom exceeding four shillings. In many cases these small roads did not earn their working expenses. Their equipment with the electric trolley system has increased the gross receipts as much as 300 per cent. People use them much more frequently than they did the horse cars. One notable cause of the increase of receipts is the riding for pleasure which has become so general in the suburban districts during the summer weather. The total mileage of the electric roads at the end of August 1895 was 10,360 miles.

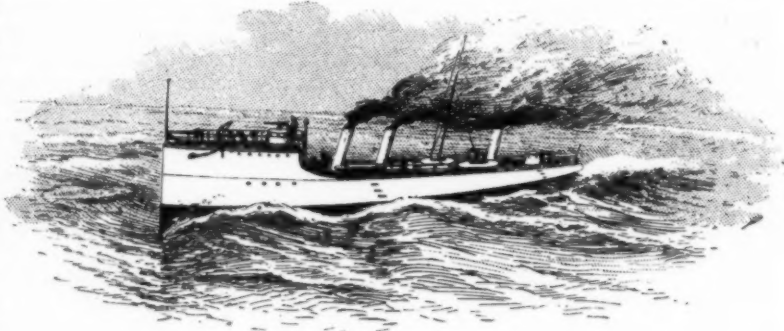
Of late electricity has been tried with success on at least two of the ordinary railways of the United States. A series of experiments was made in September on the New York and Hartford Railway with motor cars intended for carrying granite and other heavy materials. A two-motor car was first tested with a load of nine cars of a combined weight of 302 tons. As this load was too heavy, the cars were dropped off one at a time until only five remained. These were drawn fairly well. Then a four-motor car was ballasted with five hundred pounds of iron, and attached to seven loaded cars of a combined weight of 234 tons. It drew the load easily, and there seemed to be no great strain

when the load was increased to eight cars and 273 tons, and afterwards to nine cars and 303 tons. The motor car ballast was next increased to 5 tons, and the car easily hauled ten car-loads of 335 tons. Twelve car-loads of 400 tons were also handled without strain. With fourteen cars of 470 tons the train moved slowly, as it was then exerting a power equal to that of a forty-two ton locomotive. The two motor cars were next coupled together and attached to various loads up to thirty cars, weighing 954 tons, which were successfully hauled. After these experiments had been made, a series of tests was made with electric cars for passengers for use on the same railway. One of these cars on an outward trip reached a speed of fifty-eight miles an hour, and made the return journey at the rate of seventy-two miles an hour. About the same time that these experiments were made on the New York and Hartford Railway, on the Baltimore and Ohio Railway at Baltimore a speed of sixty-one miles an hour was achieved with the first electric locomotive which that company has added to its plant. The intention of the New York and Hartford Company is to use the cars for the suburban services of their line.

Water Supply of High Buildings. The immense height of the colossal office and business buildings in the lower part of New York, where there are scores of buildings ranging from twelve to twenty storeys high, is bringing forward a serious problem in connection with the water-supply. New York has an excellent water service from its great reservoirs at Croton, where its water-works compare with those of any of our own large cities. The water service gave satisfaction until the era of twenty-storey buildings began. Since then, owners and tenants of these tower-like structures have been complaining that they are never able to obtain water on the upper floors. The difficulty principally affects buildings of more than fifteen storeys. The owners of the buildings recently formed themselves into an organisation, and deputed a committee to discuss the position of affairs with the mayor. It was then made plain that the fault was not entirely with the supply of water. That was sufficient to meet the needs of these tall buildings. The water could be forced into the topmost storeys of them; but to do so would demand a pressure which would wreck the water fittings in at least seven-tenths of the other buildings and dwelling-houses in the city. When most of the city was built, the need of a pressure sufficient to send water up to the attics of a twenty-storey building was not thought of, and now that the need has become apparent, it would take several years to alter the plumbing in the older houses to stand the strain which the water service suggested for the high buildings would put upon

the pipes and fittings. The question is a serious one for the owners and occupiers of the high buildings. It complicates insurance matters, and in other ways makes these tower-like structures, which are the great features of modern New York, much less desirable for tenants than they would otherwise be. The city authorities seem to do nothing. They cannot compel the owners of the older buildings to put in entirely new plumbing to meet the need of the owners of the high buildings, and the only way out of the difficulty seems to be the establishment of tanks and reservoirs in the high buildings, with machinery on the premises for forcing the water up to the upper floors.

The United States Navy Department has designed three torpedo-boats for which some new features in the building of torpedo-boats are being claimed by the American Press. These boats, it is insisted, will differ from torpedo-boats now in vogue by reason of the fact that they will have a forecastle deck; other torpedo-boats having the rounded or turtle-back deck. Torpedo-boats are never comfortable vessels for the crew, as the men and officers are usually huddled in a very small space. In the newly designed American boats, the forecastle deck will give more room for berthing the crew, and make the boats much drier and better sea-going craft. This, at least, is the intention of the designers. The three boats are to cost £35,000; and as it is now the policy of the United



NEW AMERICAN TORPEDO-BOAT.

States Government to distribute its shipbuilding over the various shipbuilding centres on its great coast line, the first tenders are to be confined to builders whose yards are on the Gulf of Mexico, the Mississippi River and the Pacific coast. The boats are to be of a speed of twenty-six knots. They are to be of steel or alloy, and the armour of each boat is to consist of three torpedo tubes and mounts, four one-pounder rapid-fire guns, four auto-mobile torpedoes, six hundred rounds of one-pound ammunition, and one stowing case. There will be two conning towers on each boat, one forward and the other aft, each thirty-five feet from its respective end; steering gear in each admitting of control from either station. The forward tower will be surmounted by one of the rapid-fire guns, the other guns being arranged along the port and starboard rails.

Varieties.

Canadian History.—A literary competition of an unusually interesting character is now being carried out under the auspices of the Government of the Dominion of Canada with the co-operation of the Provincial Governments. The object is to furnish the public schools of the Dominion with a standard history of Canada. There has long been a need for a new history, and, as some Government action was necessary to the publication and official adoption of a first-class book, it was decided to throw the writing of the work open to public competition. A Dominion History Competition Committee was accordingly appointed. It was organised in 1893, and it invited applications from writers who were desirous of competing. At the outset it was deemed advisable that no writer should enter upon the work without permission, as all the manuscripts submitted would have to be carefully read by the Committee, which will make the award. All competitors were to be British subjects, and no one should be allowed to compete unless he or she could be classed in one or other of three groups. In the first group were placed all persons who have established a good literary reputation by the publication of books, pamphlets, or articles of merit; in the second all graduates of British and Canadian universities; and in the third all who occupy prominent places in the educational world. The history which the Committee is desirous should be placed in the schools is one written from a Dominion and not from a provincial point of view, and suitable for use in all the Canadian schools irrespective of creed or nationality. It is to be so written as to "inspire the boys and girls of the Dominion with a true sense of the nobility and grandeur of the heritage of Canadians," and designed to help to "create and maintain a unity of patriotic sentiment." While a book is desired which will thus foster a patriotic and national spirit, the Committee have especially warned competitors that the doctrine "my country, right or wrong" should not prevail; and have furthermore insisted that "the history should not be a mere record of military exploits, but should aim at reproducing the habits, customs, social life, and the struggles and triumphs of the French and British settlers." Nearly forty writers received permission of the Committee to submit manuscripts. These were sent in in June last, and the award of the Committee may now be made known at any time. The successful history will bring its author a great prize; for there are over 16,000 schools in which the book will at once go into use, and the fortunate author will receive a royalty of ten per cent. on the retail price of every book sold. A sum of £160 will be divided among the authors of the four next best manuscripts.

Expansion of the British Museum.—We have heard much of the extension of the buildings at Great Russell Street, and the space required for the enormous mass of books that yearly accumulate. The antiquities from many lands that used to be buried out of sight have now a chance of being seen above ground. The space obtained by the removal of the Natural History Department to South Kensington is already occupied, and a few years more will witness the erection of new buildings and galleries to contain the literary and archaeological treasures. The Trustees of the Museum have plenty of anxious and busy work before them.

At the South Kensington Museum, founded by the late Sir Richard Owen, vast as the palatial buildings appear, there is constant growth, though attracting less notice. In the annual report by Dr. Günther we find that the increase of natural history specimens is enormous. Details we cannot give here, but there is record of nearly 1,500 birds, and above forty mammals from one country. Of American Coleoptera there

are 2,585 new specimens, and of Indian Lepidoptera almost as many. Five hundred new butterflies come from Sikhim, and about three hundred new spiders. Altogether there are tens of thousands of additions to the Museum in the report of Dr. Günther, the Keeper of the Zoological Department in the Museum, of which Sir W. H. Flower is the director, the successor of Owen.

Smithsonian Awards for 1895.—The first prize awarded by the Trustees of the Smithsonian Institute was to Lord Rayleigh and Professor Ramsay, jointly, for discovery of argon. The second prize is not awarded. Dr. Varion, of France, obtains the third prize, for researches on the atmosphere in its various influences on vegetable and animal life.

Victoria Regia Water-lily.—Fine specimens of the Victoria Regia at Kew Gardens and elsewhere have long been known, but the plant at the Royal Botanical Garden in Regent's Park, London, was acknowledged by all who saw it this autumn to be the grandest display ever witnessed in this country. Attracted by a notice in the "Times," with the signature of the veteran Mr. W. Sowerby, we went to the Garden, and found that there was no exaggeration in the wonderful record. The River Amazon itself, the home of the Victoria, could not show a more magnificent spectacle. The surface covered was about 400 square feet, limited by the size of the tank and of the house, which contains other liliaceous plants. There were ten gigantic leaves, each above 7 feet in diameter. For many successive weeks the beautiful flowers were opening, and speedily passing off after the slow growth of each bud. As late as September 20, Mr. J. B. Sowerby sat upon one of the floating leaves for a considerable time without causing it to sink appreciably, the leaf thus supporting a weight of at least 150 lbs. A photograph of this scene was taken. Mr. J. B. Sowerby has for some years been Assistant Secretary at the Royal Botanic Society, and has now been appointed Secretary, and Keeper of the Garden, as successor of William Sowerby, who retires after fifty-three years' service. The name of this naturalist family, which has been famous for several generations, will be continued by the appointment of a son of the veteran W. Sowerby, by whom the Garden was first laid out, and so long kept as a place of study and of enjoyment.

Atlantic Steamers, English and American.—For the second time in the history of the ocean mail and passenger traffic, an English and an American line of steamers are contending for supremacy on the Atlantic. The last contest between British-built and American-built vessels took place forty years ago. It was between the ships of the Cunard Company and those of the now forgotten Collins Line. The Collins Line was exclusively an American undertaking, and was heavily subsidised by the American Government. It came into existence about 1847, and contracted with the American Government to build five steamers each of great speed. Ordinarily these vessels were for the Atlantic mail service, but each was so constructed that it could be readily adopted for service with the American fleet of war-vessels. The *Atlantic* was the first of the Collins steamers ready for sea. She made her first trip to Liverpool in April 1850, and was followed at short intervals from the shipbuilders' yard in New York by the *Arctic*, *Pacific*, and *Baltic*. In model and dimensions the Collins steamers were much alike. The *Arctic*, which may be taken as typical of them, was 282 feet long, 45 feet beam, and of 2,850 tons burden. All of them were, for those days, really magnificent steamers. They were built of wood, equipped with paddle-wheels, and

were remarkable for their elegance, grace, and fine proportions. In many respects they were the finest passenger steamers then afloat. They made the trip from New York to Liverpool usually in a day less than the Cunard vessels; and it was jubilantly declared in the United States Congress that these American-built steamers had at last wrested from Great Britain the palm of the maritime dominion. In the matter of speed the Collins steamers came up to the expectations of their builders, their owners, and of Congress. But the cost of the speed was enormous. It soon ran the Collins Line into financial difficulties, and before it could recover itself the line suffered two great disasters, which brought about its ruin. In September 1854 the *Arctic* was lost by a collision, which in many of its circumstances resembled that which resulted in the loss of the *Elbe* in the North Sea in the early months of this year. A small steamer ran into it. It was believed that the larger vessel was not seriously damaged, and the smaller vessel was allowed to steam away. When she was beyond recall the *Arctic* began to settle, and soon foundered with 320 of her passengers and crew. The second disaster occurred in February 1856. The *Pacific* ran into an iceberg, and went down with everyone on board. After these disasters the American people lost confidence in the line. It was unable to keep its mail contract with the Government, and when the subsidies were withdrawn it went into bankruptcy. For four years its steamers had held the Atlantic pennant. In 1854 the *Arabia*, the last of the Cunard vessels built of wood, was able successively to out sail the three existing Collins steamers; but the fastest average speed for the year remained with the American line. For many years past Great Britain has built mercantile steamers for nearly all the nations of the world, and war vessels as well for many of them. We have never regarded America as a competitor for this work. We shall have to do so if, in the matter of cost as well as in speed, the *St. Louis* and the *St. Paul*, the newly built vessels of the American line now engaged in the service between Southampton and New York, take rank with the *Lucania* and *Campania*, the world-famous vessels of the Cunard Company.

A Railway Veteran.—The death was recently recorded of Joseph Ball, who drove the old "Rocket," and was the oldest engine-driver in England. He died in the Queen's Jubilee hospital at the age of 84. The immediate cause of death was shock and injuries sustained through a fall on Sept. 7, 1895.

City of Boston Library.—Until the great National Library building now being erected at Washington is finished, the city of Boston will possess the finest public library building in the English-speaking world. It has cost half a million sterling, is a stately edifice, and occupies one of the most commanding sites in Boston. It forms one side of Copley Square. To the right of it, and occupying another side of the Square, is the Art Museum. Opposite the library is a handsome church, and on the next block to the Square are the fine buildings of the Massachusetts School of Technology. The old library building, which was abandoned in March, overlooks Boston Common. The plan of the new library differs greatly from that of any of our own great public libraries. In the library at Boston, as in the library now building at Washington, only comparatively few of the books will be found in the readers' hall. In Boston, a number of standard works and the reference volumes in frequent use, are contained in alcoves within the reach of all who need them. The rest of the 200,000 volumes are kept in a five or six storey building, which forms the rear side of the quadrangle upon which the library is arranged. This arrangement of books may at first sight strike library frequenters as one which must entail much running up and down stairs on the part of the library attendants. But all labour of that kind is obviated by the splendid internal mechanism of the library. When a reader files a ticket for a book, the ticket is shot through a pneumatic tube to a general reception-room for these documents, into which about thirty of these tubes deliver their tickets. From this room the ticket is sent by another pneumatic tube to the neighbourhood of the particular stack where the book in request is kept. An attendant is stationed at the warehouse end of the tube, whose duty it is to obtain the book and start it on its way down to the readers' hall. To do this he places the book in a little

carriage which runs up and down the building on a small iron railway, not unlike that by which money is carried in the large drapers' shops from the counter to the desk of the cashier. The railway delivers the book in the reception-room, from which it is carried to the reader. When books are cleared away from the tables, when the readers have finished with them, they are sent back to their places in the stacks by means of the railways. Much forethought and great ingenuity have been exercised in planning and equipping the Boston Library, and the equipments and the system in use work admirably. There are two or three municipal libraries in England which are now outgrowing their buildings. Before any of these municipalities enter upon any library building schemes, they will do well to look into the details of library equipment as they have been worked out and developed in Boston. Just now, library building on a large scale is engaging much attention in the United States. The Boston Library has just been opened; the Congressional Library at Washington will be ready for readers in about two years' time; and in New York the trustees of the famous Astor and Lenox Libraries, with those who are administering the Tilden bequest, are looking out for a site for a building in which the three libraries may be consolidated and housed under one roof.

American Patriotism.—Some of the efforts made to imbue American children with a patriotic spirit are significant of national life in a new country, and in one which is almost without a national history. In many of the States, at the instance of the local school managers and the school teachers, the American flag is always kept flying over the schoolhouse when the school is in session. In some of the States, notably in Massachusetts, the duty of raising and lowering the flag is undertaken by a selected company of the school children, and carried out with almost as much ceremony as the trooping of the colour on the Horse Guards' parade on the Queen's Birthday. The ceremony is gone through at the beginning and end of each day with unvarying precision, and the boy who is entrusted with the actual work of hauling up or taking down the flag occupies a place of honour in the school for that particular day. In several of the States this honour to the flag is made imperative by Acts of the Legislatures in the case of all schools receiving any aid from the State. At its session in the winter of 1894-95 the Legislature of Illinois went beyond this requirement, and after the school term opened last September it was made a misdemeanour for the principal of any public or private school to fail to fly the American flag. American school teachers are not usually wanting in a patriotic spirit. Most of those in Illinois would have cheerfully complied with a request from the Governor of the State that the flag should be raised each day; but they regard the duty as a little irksome, and the honour to the flag as somewhat artificial, when forced upon them by a standing threat of criminal proceedings in case of default.

Lord Aberdeen, the Premier in 1854.—The Life of the Fourth Earl of Aberdeen, by his son, Sir Arthur Gordon, now Lord Stanmore, in the "Queen's Prime Ministers" Series (published by Low, Marston & Co.), has recalled the chief events in his long and eventful life. Born in 1784, Pitt and Dundas were his guardians, and he held with honour a succession of high offices in the diplomatic service, until at last he was Prime Minister of England at the time of the Crimean war. A cloud of unpopularity came at that epoch upon him, as he was accused of allowing England to "drift" into that war with Russia. The reader of this memoir by Lord Stanmore will form a very different opinion, and will understand the letter of warmest regard and personal affection which the Queen has graciously allowed to appear in the volume. A remarkable testimony was also given in a recent speech by the Duke of Argyll: "John Bright was one of the few public men who opposed the Crimean war and the whole policy on which it was founded. On one occasion he said that Lord Aberdeen, who was at the head of the Government, had expressed to him deep regret that he had ever been party to the Crimean war. I have no doubt it was perfectly true. Lord Aberdeen expressed the same feeling to me not very long before his death, and I said, 'My dear Lord Aberdeen, I perfectly well understand the feeling which you have expressed to

me; but will you allow me to put to you one practical question? Look back to the transactions in which we were engaged together. Can you put your finger on any one act which we ought not to have done, any one step which we ought not to have taken at the time? Can you point to any one step which we might have taken and did not take which would have prevented the war?" Lord Aberdeen thought for a moment, and his answer was, "No, I cannot." "Well, then," I said, "my dear Lord Aberdeen, your regret is what may be called an academic regret. It is a regret which we may all feel at being engaged in wars, which are always a calamity in their way, but which are inevitable in the circumstances in which we are placed. If you cannot put your finger on any act, or any step, which you think was wrong at the time, it is clear that, however much you may regret the circumstances, you have no occasion for self-reproach or remorse." We all detested the war so far as the mere war was concerned. I have only further to say that it is to me a very special and painful recollection to look back to that period when all those with whom I acted, except Mr. Gladstone, are dead and gone. But, looking back to that time, I say distinctly that I cannot say that we took any step at that time that we ought not to have taken—that we failed to establish any principle which was not right and just. The words I often find myself repeating, the touching words of our late Laureate:

" ' Came memory with sad eye,
Holding the folded annals of my youth.' "

Yes, they are folded, folded in much sorrow for those we have lost, for the remarkable men with whom I have worked, and who are now gone; but they would be folded not in sorrow and regret only, but in remorse and shame, if to the last hour of my life I did not tell the people of this country of the immense responsibilities which they took with us and they forced us to impose upon them."

Serviceable Books.—In 1881, Dr. Cairns, in reply to an inquiry from Dr. Joseph Cook, of Boston, U.S.A., gave the following list of books which he had found the most serviceable in his own preparations for his classes or writings: *Christian Evidences*: "Origen against Celsus"; "Pascal's *Pensées*"; "Butler's *Analogy*"; "Coleridge's *Aids to Reflection*"; "Chalmers' *Evidences*." *Church History*: "Eusebius' *Church History*"; "Athanasius"; "Autobiographical Works of Luther"; "Tyerman's *Life of Wesley*"; "McCrie's *Life of John Knox*"; "Neander's *Church History*." *Religious Biography*: "Augustine's *Confessions*"; "Orme's *Life of Baxter*"; "Edwards' *Life of Brainerd*"; "Life of Henry Martyn"; "Hanna's *Life of Chalmers*." *Devotional Literature*: "Pilgrim's Progress"; "Rous' *Psalms*"; "Scottish Paraphrases"; "Wesleyan Hymns"; "German Hymns"; "Latin Hymns"; "Cowper's Works."

The Redwing.—In Norway the redwing is called the Norwegian nightingale for his sweet voice; but in his sojourn in England he is content to be a silent listener to the thrush, his kinsman. He is never tempted to dispute the palm with him; here, another bird is God's herald, and he, conscious of his own powers, is content to be silent, can afford to be looked upon as one of the songless birds among us, with the power of really thrilling our hearts with melody. How different from the vain thought lurking in the mind of many of us, that God cannot be served without our own voice, and that His work must be hindered if we are set on one side.—From "*Random Truths*." By J. R. Vernon.

The Birthplace of the Empress Josephine.—Of late years there has been a great revival of interest among English-speaking nations concerning the history of the great Napoleon. There will always be wide diversity of opinion about the character of the man and of his deeds, but the power of his mind and the enthusiastic devotion excited by his presence are undeniable, however we may attempt to explain them. Dr. Augustus Prime, one of the editors of the "*New York Observer*," in an account of a summer

cruise in the West Indian seas, describes the island of Martinique, where Josephine was born. Every traveller desires to see her statue, just as pilgrimages are made to places connected with religion. "The French islanders," says Dr. Prime, "are better Christians after their kind than the other inhabitants, but the amount of ignorant devotion to shrines and images is large." The admiration of Josephine's statue, however, is a genuine tribute to art as well as to the memory of a lovely and most ill-used woman, whose love for Napoleon was sacrificed to his ambition. A little steamer runs daily from St. Pierre to Fort de France where the statue stands. It does not front the sea, but has the face turned towards the valley where she was born, in 1763. She lived with her parents for ten years; then was sent to the convent of Fort Royal for five years; and when only sixteen was married to Alexander de Beauharnais. Separated from him in 1788, she returned with her little daughter, Hortense, to the home and haunts of her childhood. The Corsican artillery officer who had seen and loved her when in France summoned her back to ascend the Imperial throne, and to adorn with her matchless charms the most brilliant Court in the world. The history is too well known to be further referred to. Another notable person, who for many a year swayed the destinies of France, Madame de Maintenon, was also a native of the beautiful island of Martinique.

Astronomical Notes for November.—The Sun rises at Greenwich on the 1st day at 6h. 55m. in the morning, and sets at 4h. 32m. in the evening; on the 15th he rises at 7h. 20m., and sets at 4h. 10m. The Moon will be Full at 3h. 18m. on the afternoon of the 2nd; enter her Last Quarter at 11h. 7m. on the night of the 9th; become New at 5h. 12m. on the evening of the 16th; and enter her First Quarter at 7h. 19m. on the morning of the 24th. She will be in perigee, or nearest the Earth, about 4 o'clock on the afternoon of the 13th, and in apogee, or farthest from us, about 11 o'clock on the morning of the 25th. No eclipses or special phenomena are due this month; but the Moon, when a little past the Full, will pass over a portion of the Pleiades in the small hours of the morning of the 4th. The planet Mercury will reach his greatest western elongation from the Sun on the evening of the 10th, and will, therefore, for a few days before and after that date be visible in the morning before sunrise in the eastern part of the constellation Virgo. Venus continues to be a brilliant object in the early morning, rising at the beginning of the month before 3 o'clock in the eastern part of Leo, and passing later into Virgo; she will be near the small waning Moon on the 13th, and will attain her greatest western elongation from the Sun on the afternoon of the 29th. Mars is now a morning star, but is not well placed for observation in the northern hemisphere on account of his great and increasing southern declination; at Greenwich he rises at the beginning of the month only half an hour before the Sun, and at the end of it an hour and a half, or about a quarter past six in the morning. Jupiter is nearly stationary in the constellation Cancer; at the beginning of the month he rises about half-past nine o'clock in the evening, and at the end of it about half-past eight, and he will be in conjunction with the Moon on the morning of the 9th. Saturn will be in conjunction with the Sun on the 2nd, but will become visible in the early morning towards the end of the month in the constellation Libra.

The Leonids, or mid-November meteors, will be looked for on the night of the 14th, but no great display is expected on this occasion. Much interest is felt in the meteoric stream, now known to have some connection with the lost comet of Biela, of which magnificent showers were seen on November 27 in the years 1872 and 1885. Although a principal return will not be due until 1898, sporadic portions of the group, which will probably hereafter become a ring, may appear on the date in question before that year, and the radiant point (which is in the constellation Andromeda) will be watched on every occasion; it would seem that as time goes on the stream passes as somewhat earlier, unlike the mid-November stream, which comes a little later each year that it is seen.—W. T. LYNN.

When the Lamps are Lit.

PRIZE COMPETITIONS.

I. SEARCH PASSAGES.

I. HOME.

I.

"There let me taste the home-felt bliss
Of innocence and inward peace."

II.

"On settled poles turn solid joys,
And sunlike pleasures shine at home."

III.

"When I was at home I was in a better place, but travellers
must be content."

IV.

"A soul whose master-bias leans
To home-felt pleasures, and to gentle scenes."

V.

"An English home, gray twilight poured
On dewy pastures, dewy trees."

VI.

"Intimate delights,
Fireside enjoyments, home-born happiness."

VII.

"Now all whom varied toil and care
From home and love divide,
In the calm sunset may repair
Each to the loved one's side."

VIII.

"Type of the wise who soar—but never roam;
True to the kindred points of heaven and home."

2. CONTENTMENT.

I.

"That content, surpassing wealth,
The sage in meditation found."

II.

"Canst drink the waters of the crisped spring?
O sweet content!"

III.

"... Shut up
In measureless content."

IV.

"I am content with what I have,
Little be it, or much."

Verify these twelve passages, naming author and work.
A prize of One Guinea will be given for the largest number
of correct answers, and one of Half a Guinea for the next in
order.

II. SELECTIONS.

Will our readers select and send us six short, unhackneyed
passages that best describe Friendship, averaging sixteen
words each? The total not to be more than one hundred
words. State author and work. A prize of One Guinea will
be given for the best selection, and one of Half a Guinea for
the next best.

III. SHAKESPERIAN ACROSTIC.

I.

"Of all men else I have avoided *thee*."

II.

"Let *me* go with you;
I'll do the service of a younger man."

III.

"I have seen, myself, and served against, the French."

IV.

"Masters, I am to discourse wonders; but ask *me* not what."

V.

"'Twill not be seen in him *there*; *there* the men are as mad
as he."

VI.

I will o'errun thee with policy; I will kill thee a hundred
and fifty different ways; therefore tremble, and depart."

VII.

"I wooed *thee* with my sword,
And won *thy* love, doing *thee* injuries;
But I will wed *thee* in another key,
With pomp, with triumph, and with revelling."

The initials of the seven names indicated above give the name
of the following speaker:

"The mind I sway by, and the heart I bear,
Shall never sag with doubt nor shake with fear."

Find each name, and give Act and Scene of each quotation.

RULES.—1. Write in ink, clearly, on one side of paper
only. Begin with the number and name of competition, end
with your own name and address. *Where other things are
equal, the neatest papers take precedence.*

2. All answers must be posted by the last day of the month,
addressed to the Editor, and having *Prize Competition*
written in the top corner. Each envelope must contain the
Notice to Correspondents for the particular month cut out and
sent as a coupon.

3. Answers will be published in due course, and prizes in
books awarded in each competition, to be chosen by winners,
not exceeding the following values: 1st. One Guinea;
2nd. Half a Guinea.

